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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury; containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second, and the Hague; and his special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. Edited by his Grandson, the third Earl. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.*

THE contributions to the truth of history which have appeared within the present century have gone nearly to change so many of its received features that we cannot recognise our old acquaintance. Suppositions, speculations, philosophising, generalising, and a power of penetrating the motives of human action, as they varied from an inchoate to a completed shape, have been assumed and dealt in with so much appearance of certainty by the best authors, that they passed for "great facts," and were firmly believed, till contemporaneous correspondence, private letters, state-papers, documentary evidence in the muniment chests of parties concerned, and undeniable details fished out of every quarter, shewed that the "great facts" were only great falacies, and the realities of a very different, if not an opposite, nature.

Among the works belonging to the class we have indicated as enabling the world to form accurate opinions of important events during a most important era in the annals of Europe, the present production is entitled to take a foremost place. To our judgment, it is a model for such publications. Matters of the highest consequence are set forth without parade or ostentation. Simplicity, and modesty, and good sense, are its obvious qualities in every page. The natural respect and affection of a grandson has not seduced Lord Malmesbury into a single panegyric sentence. He has plainly put his illustrious ancestor before us in his acts, deeds, and writings, and left it to the mind of the reader to appreciate his merits. And great, we must say, do these merits appear to us. The names of warriors, and rulers, and ministers, and orators, have filled the atmosphere of the times, whilst the complex, and difficult, and delicate labours of the diplomatist in foreign courts, where the grand game is played and the grand stakes are at issue, is always imperfectly and hardly known; and he who may save from a war by a fine perception, a skilful turn, or the stroke of a pen, is as a distant shadow, whilst the man who strikes one successful blow with the sword is exalted into a hero, and fills the universal trumpet of fame.

When these volumes have been perused, it will be seen and felt how much the nation owes to the first Earl of Malmesbury, and how eminent and useful a servant it had in him. His character will be understood, and his zeal and ability recognised in a degree which must raise him high in the estimation of the present age and posterity. He was, indeed, one of our ablest diplomatists, and employed where ability was so essential to our interests. Clear-sighted, prudent, quiet, firm, and honourable, he conducted himself in every relation connected with the vital missions mentioned on the title-page with consummate tact; and even where he did

not command success, he truly deserved it. His sagacity, his acuteness in discovering the moving principles of the persons with whom he had to deal, and his adaptation of himself and his politics to circumstances as they took new phases and led to unexpected changes, are all conspicuous; and when we recollect that the question of the Falkland Islands, the partitions of Poland, the northern armed neutrality, and the French revolution, came within the sphere of his action, and were modified by his influence, we may safely predict that this filial account of his services will have the effect of setting him in his rightful position among the foremost statesmen of his period.

It would be impossible for us, or for the bulkier of reviews, to trace the continued measures and despatches scattered over so many years; but we must, to begin with, indicate and illustrate some of his leading points. When France threw off the mask worn during the earlier part of the American war, Mr. Harris (afterwards Lord Malmesbury) was ambassador at the strange and perplexing court of Russia, from which he thus writes:

"Petersburg, 1st May, 1778.

"Dear sir,—The declaration of the French ambassador created in me more indignation than surprise; the conduct of the court of Versailles, from the first period of our American contest, has been fraught with duplicity, baseness, and low cunning. I have endeavoured to make them see it in that light here, but have only succeeded in drawing from the empress a civil answer and lukewarm expressions of friendship. I wish I could promise myself any hopes of succeeding in making her fulfil even these lukewarm expressions; but I find her character so different from what I was told it was, and her good-will towards us so changed, that it will require, I believe, my greatest efforts to prevent her doing harm instead of prevailing on her to do us good. I, however (speaking to your excellency with perfect confidence), am instructed to propose an alliance, and have actually given in a project: as, however, it is word for word the same as that so often rejected, I have little hopes of its being admitted in its present shape. I have powers to mould it anew; and, as I think the terms are urgent, shall, in inferior points, take upon myself a decision, which, from the great distance of the two capitals, I trust, will be allowed me. I wish I did not think I saw a want of this decision at home, and am sure to find here all the obstacles indolence and a love of procrastination can create. The empress herself has not that ardour for business she was used to be famous for, yet she still will not be biassed by her ministers: these, particularly Count Panin, neglect beyond conception the duty of their offices. Subalterns do the same as their superiors, and the business of this great empire does itself. The effects of it are visible; confusion and imperfection are to be found every where. Great expenses, and nothing to shew for them. The army in a state of decay; their navy incomplete and ill-equipped; their political system inconsistent, languid, and such as if pursued must ultimately reduce this immense mass of power to that state of Asiatic insig-

nificance from which it so lately emerged. The King of Prussia has lost his influence; ours, never very high, though some of my predecessors were cajoled into the belief of its being so, has quite vanished. The canting flattery of the empress-queen has eradicated all that little feminine animosity which subsisted here against her. The plausible and insidious language of the house of Bourbon, conveyed through the channel of corrupted and unprincipled favourites, has found its way to the imperial ear. The natural and necessary allies of this country are neglected. Those interested to diminish its greatness and power are listened to. One general erroneous system reigns throughout the whole; and unless some sudden light breaks in upon them, or an unexpected stroke revives them to their senses, nothing good or great can be expected from them. Strong as this description may appear, I can safely affirm it does not exceed the truth; my commission therefore is neither an easy nor an agreeable one—particularly as the pride and vanity of this court make them in discoursing of ours hold a language as unbecoming for me to hear as, under the present circumstances, it would be impolitic for me to repeat. Despair, thank God, makes no part of my character; and as long as I see the remotest hopes of bringing them back to a sense of their failings, I shall leave nothing untried to effect it: if I succeed, I expect little thanks; if I fail, I have no doubt that much blame will be laid at my door: such, ten years' experience in my career has taught me to know, are the fruits of our labours, and I have made up my mind accordingly. The King of Prussia has made us some advances. If he is sincere, and we are determined, she must join us ultimately. The interior of this court is one continued scene of intrigue, debauchery, iniquity, and corruption. The great duke and duchess must be excepted from any share in this description; they live in great harmony together, and interfere in nothing. I wish sooner or later he may not be tempted to take advantage of the confused state of things, and attempt a project which certainly would prove fatal to him; I know evil spirits are not wanting to excite him to it."

What a picture of profligacy in the midst of a power to pacify or convulse the earth! But a portrait of himself is finely and characteristically given a few days later, with sketches of his surrounding associates.

"Petersburg, 11th, 23d May, 1778.

"My lord,—From the moment I had it in command to promote a closer connexion with this court, I made it my study to investigate the genius and disposition of those immediately about the empress, the character and temper of the subalterns in office, and the means the most fit to be employed, to make either these or their superiors instrumental towards the effecting what was the primary object of my instructions. Nothing could be expected from those who form her imperial majesty's society, and who appear to enjoy the largest share of her confidence; they are either in themselves totally insignificant, or adhere to a political doctrine very adverse to that I wished them to inculcate. Indeed, I have found amongst the inferiors many ready to betray their principals,

but none from whom I could receive assistance sufficiently beneficial to authorise me to increase the expense of this mission, which (at least while it is in my hands) will, I fear, be greatly beyond the services his majesty will ever reap from it. Prince Orlov was the only person in whom I could confide; and, convinced as I was that an alliance with this court was become more desirable from the declaration of the French ambassador, as soon as I was in possession of this paper, I immediately communicated it to him, and endeavoured to engage him to take an active part on this occasion. He was very cordial, and, I believe, perfectly sincere in his professions of regard and predilection to us, and to our alliance. But he said he had no longer influence at court; that the opposite party had prevailed, and that he owed too much to her imperial majesty to attempt the upsetting it by means which necessarily would give her great pain and uneasiness."

He finds out that neither Orlov nor Count Panin are to be depended upon, and with wonderful address makes a friend of Potemkin, the rival interest; and writes thus of the former attempts:

"Thus, my lord, ended our conferences; from which it must be inferred there is no disposition here to agree to our alliance, even on any terms; since, without entering into any discussion with me, without inquiring what alterations I was empowered to admit of, or even listening to the advances I repeatedly made of new-moulding the treaty, the empress has given me an answer, in itself sufficiently explicit, but made still clearer by the commentary and general behaviour of her ministers. The desire I always have to obey my instructions makes me certainly lament the issue this business has taken. I cannot, however, but console myself by reflecting that we were a great nation before Russia existed, that we have repelled and subdued our enemies without their assistance, and that the time will probably come when they will stand in much greater need of us than we ever can of them."

And his next letter to Lord Suffolk's under-secretary, Mr. Fraser, adds:—

"Dear sir,—I sincerely hope you will be more successful in every thing you undertake, than I have been in my late negotiation. The friendship of this country partakes of its climate,—a clear brilliant sky, with a cold, freezing atmosphere; all words, and no deeds; empty professions, and shuffling evasions. It is a political, though not a moral consolation, that their incongruous conduct proceeds from the erroneous opinion they have of the rise of their own power, and of the declension of ours; the period, however, is not very distant (and here comes the comfort), when their eyes shall be opened, and when they will be convinced, that whilst they permitted themselves to be amused with silky speeches, and were wrapt up in a confidence of their own invincibility, they were only allowing their ill-wishers to gain time, and the swords of their enemies to be sharpened, whilst theirs were rusting in the scabbard. It is, then, more than probable we may at that time have as many solid reasons for rejecting their alliance, as they now have alleged idle ones for not accepting ours. I own I almost wish this event; for although in my public capacity I have a tolerable degree of patience, yet it requires more than ever fell to the share of mortal minister to converse with people who, in the midst of business and distress, are supine and insensible, and who will neither hear a reasonable question, nor give a reasonable answer. You will not credit me when I tell you Count

Panin does not devote more than half an hour in the twenty-four to business; and that Mr. Oakes, having been robbed of a considerable sum of money, found the *lieutenant de police*, the first magistrate of the empire, and whose power is immense, at seven o'clock in the morning, playing at *la grande patience*, with a dirty pack of cards, by himself. The interior of the court presents a similar scene of dissipation and inattention; age does not deaden the passions, they rather quicken with years; and on a closer approach I find report had magnified the eminent qualities, and diminished the foibles, of one of the greatest ladies in Europe. A few days ago Prince Potemkin, displeased with Zoritz, presented to the empress, as she was going to the play, a tall hussar officer, one of his adjutants. She distinguished him a good deal. Zoritz was present. As soon as her imperial majesty was gone, he fell upon Potemkin in a very violent manner, made use of the strongest expressions of abuse, and insisted on his fighting him. Potemkin declined this offer, and behaved on the occasion as a person not undeserving the invectives bestowed upon him. The play being ended, Zoritz followed the empress into her apartment, flung himself at her feet, and confessed what he had done; saying that, notwithstanding the honours and riches she had heaped upon him, he was indifferent to every thing but her favour and good graces. This behaviour had its effect. When Potemkin appeared, he was ill received, and Zoritz seemed in high favour for a day or two. Potemkin left Czarsco-Zelo, and came to Petersburg. Zoritz, however, has since been sent here, and the empress ordered him to invite Potemkin to supper, *de raccomoder l'affaire, puisqu'elle n'aimait pas les tracasseries*. This supper took place a few days ago; they are apparently good friends; but Potemkin, who is an artful man, will, in the end, get the better of Zoritz's bluntness and singularity. Potemkin is determined to have him dismissed, and Zoritz is determined to cut the throat of his successor. Judge of the tenour of the whole court from this anecdote."

The absolute beastliness of Catherine is terribly exposed in these letters. Her grossness is almost incredible, and would disgrace the lowest of the "unfortunates" in our public ways. We cannot do more than refer to the subject, although its infinite infamy produced striking effects on the conduct of a mighty empire. We must leave the Messalina of Petersburg to the pages where she is so faithfully delineated, with a very few further tracings, of political as well as of immoral essence:—

"Zoritz, with an increase of pension, an immense sum of ready money, and an addition of seven thousand peasants to his estates, is going to travel. His successor, by name Korsac, will not be declared till this journey takes place; the impetuosity of Zoritz's character making it not safe for any man to take publicly this office upon him while he remains in the country. Both court and town are occupied with this event alone, and I am sorry to say it gives rise to many unpleasant reflections, and sinks in the eyes of foreigners the reputation of the empress, and the consideration of the empire. . . . The interior of the palace affords a very singular scene. Zoritz, though most munificently rewarded, is not pacified; and, although dismissed, remains in town with all the honours of a favourite. The bold language he held to the empress makes her cautious of irritating so turbulent a spirit; the uncertain and anxious state of her mind is incredible. Orlov, some days ago, remonstrated with her on the effects her conduct must sooner or later produce. She

appeared for a moment reclaimed, and sent an order for Sabadowsky to return to court, fully intending to reinstate this plain and quiet man in his ancient post. Potemkin, however, who is thoroughly acquainted with her character, and who has more cunning for effecting the purposes of the day than any man living, contrived to overset these good resolutions. Korsac was introduced at a critical moment; and, while I am now writing, her imperial majesty is at a village of Potemkin's on the confines of Finland, endeavouring to forget her own cares and those of the empire in the society of her new minion, whose vulgar name of Korsac is already changed into the better-sounding one of Korsakoff. Sabadowsky, in the mean while, is arrived; and, as he refused coming till he was urged to it by Orlov himself, he calls on this prince to know why he was disturbed in his retirement. Such, at this instant, is the face of the court; it may change before my letter is finished. I shall attempt to get as quick and as accurate intelligence as possible on these subjects, because, unfortunately, they influence too much the political system of the country."

A very vital question arises, and our minister begs an audience, which is postponed, and he informs the secretary of state in London of a conversation with Prince Potemkin.

"I asked him with great eagerness, and no small anxiety, what could have operated so singular a revolution? He replied, 'You have chosen an unlucky moment. The new favourite lies dangerously ill; the cause of his illness and uncertainty of his recovery have so entirely unhinged the empress, that she is incapable of employing her thoughts on any subject, and all ideas of ambition, of glory, of dignity, are absorbed in this one passion. Enervated to a degree, she repugns every thing which bears the features of activity or exertion. Your antagonists well know how to make use of this opportunity; and Count Panin, who has numberless emissaries at court, times his counsels with more address than falls to his share in other concerns. My influence,' added he, 'is suspended; particularly as I have taken on me to advise her to get rid of a favourite who, if he dies in her palace, would do her reputation an essential injury.'"

We are glad to turn from these necessary and singularly curious historical illustrations of an abandoned court; but must just drop a post-office notice, before we hie to pastures new.

"Our time (says Mr. Harris), as individuals, goes on here pleasantly enough; in May we have fine March weather, and probably the middle of June may arrive to resemble our April. I fully intended to have written to Mr. Hooper a long letter. I must beg you to make my apology for not having already done so; but the conveyance of the post is liable to so much inspection, and the character of those who inspect the letters is so mean and suspicious, that I cannot trust the most insignificant of my thoughts in this channel."

For the present we bid adieu to foreign affairs; and, for the sake of diversifying our first notice of this valuable work, leap at once to a diary kept by Lord Malmesbury after his return home in June 1792, and much of which relates to affairs of great domestic interest. We select such passages as appear to us most likely to gratify our readers, without more comment than is needful to connect them.

"Arrived in London by dinner, Sunday the 3d; chancellor going out. Saw Prince of Wales early the 4th; he was very well pleased with what I had done at Berlin, thanked me for it, &c.; stated his affairs to me as more distressed

than ever. Several executions had been in his house; Lord Rawdon had saved him from one; that his debts amounted to 370,000*l*. He said he was trying, through the chancellor, to prevail on the king to apply to parliament to increase his income. On the Wednesday following I was with him again by appointment. He repeated the same again; said that if the king would raise his revenue to 100,000*l*. a year, he would appropriate 35,000*l*. of it to pay the interest of his debts, and establish a sinking fund. That if this could not be done, he must break up his establishment, reduce his income to 10,000*l*. a year, and go abroad. He made a merit of having given up the turf, and blamed the Duke of York for remaining on it. He said (which I well knew before) that his racing-stable cost him upwards of 30,000*l*. yearly. He was very anxious, and, as is usual on these occasions, nervous and agitated. He said (on my asking him the question), that he did not stand so well with the king as he did some months ago, but that he was better than ever with the queen; that she had advised him to press the king, through the chancellor, to propose to Mr. Pitt to bring an increase of the prince's income before parliament, and that if this was done, she would use her influence to promote it. I strongly recommended his pressing the queen. . . . He talked coldly and unaffectionately about the Duke and Duchess of York, and very slightly of the Duke of Clarence. He asked me whether I approved his having spoken on the proclamation in the manner he had, and held very right language on the subject. I told him I was sorry his lawyers, Erskine and Pigot, went a different way from him; that this was unbecoming. He said he *once* had thought of dismissing them, but that, on considering it, was inclined to believe that such a marked measure would only give them consequence, and do more harm than good, by bringing the subject into more frequent conversation.

"Colonel St. Leger.—He called on me on the 8th June. He said the prince was more attached to Mrs. Fitzherbert than ever; that he had been living with Mrs. Crouch; that she (Mrs. Fitzherbert) piqued him by treating this with ridicule, and coquetted on her side. This hurt his vanity, and brought him back; and he is now more under her influence than ever. She dislikes the Duchess of York, because the duchess will not treat her '*en belle sœur*;' it is that is the cause of the coolness between the two brothers. He confirmed the total ruin of the prince, and said the duke's affairs were in a very bad way. He had returned to England with the highest reputation, and might have done what he pleased with the king, who doted on him; that he very idly has resumed several of his old habits; he plays at Brooks's, goes to Newmarket, and loses, and neglects St. James's; that he behaves vastly well to the duchess, and is happy. He accounted for the King of Prussia's displeasure towards them by Madame Dienhoff's dislike of the duchess, by the reports of the Princess of Ferdinand, who is in correspondence with the Duchess of Cumberland, and by the general spirit of intrigue which prevails at Berlin. Anthony St. Leger confirmed all that his brother said about Mrs. Fitzherbert. He blamed her excessively, and said she was the cause of the two brothers being ill together. He said Lake was the cause of the whole Newmarket story; that he had behaved very ill towards the prince; that the result was good, as it had driven the prince from the turf, though unfortunately the Duke of York still remained on it."

The split of the Whig party, when Fox was

thought by the majority to go too far with the French revolution, is very fully explained in this diary. The meetings, the sayings and the doings of all the principal individuals (including Loughborough, Fitzwilliam, Burke, Sir G. Elliot, &c.), are described; and the vacillation and weakness of the Duke of Portland, which kept off the *dénouement* so long, are even amusingly illustrated.\* By way of specimen:

"June 16.—Dinner at Lord Loughborough's with Fox. While Lord Loughborough was engaged with his company (which were foreigners) I talked with Fox, and afterwards carried him to Burlington House. He had not heard of the last meeting with Pitt; he was full of doubts and misgivings, and did not make himself (as he generally does) practicable. He seemed a little hurt at the first advance not having been made to him; but this I collected from his manner, not from any direct expression. He doubted Pitt's sincerity, and suspected he had no other view than to weaken their party and strengthen his own—that to divide the opposition was his great object; he doubted, also, the king's having consented willingly to dismiss the chancellor,† and seemed to think it possible a new administration might be made through him, from which Pitt was to be excluded. He contended, that it was impossible ever to suppose Pitt would admit him to an equal share of power, and that whatever might be his own feelings or readiness to give way, he could not, for the sake of the honour and pride of the party, come in on any other terms; Pitt must have the Treasury, he said, and he on his part had friends in the House of Commons he must attend to. These friends I conceived to be Sheridan, Grey, Erskine, and Lord Robert Spencer. After stating these doubts and difficulties, and dwelling on them with a degree of peevishness and obstinacy very unlike him, he however ended by saying, that he loved coalitions; that, as a party man, he thought it a good thing for his party to come into office, were it only for a month; and, under the particular circumstances of the country, he thought it of very great importance that a strong administration should exist. He reasoned on foreign politics with his usual ability, and on the same system as formerly. When we got to Burlington House he was not inclined to speak, and it was with great difficulty I could lead him and the Duke of Portland into discourse. Fox repeated merely what he had said to me on the way, spoke with acrimony of Pitt, and repeatedly said the pride of the party must be saved. I observed purposely, that I conceived if the Duke of Portland and he were agreed, they necessarily must lead the party, and that all their friends would follow them. The duke seemed to acquiesce; but Fox was silent and embarrassed, and said with a degree of harshness, very unlike his usual manner, that he did not believe that Pitt was sincere, and that even if he was sincere, he did not believe any coalition could take place. I endeavoured to bring him to at least give the proposal fair play, by urging its importance as to public

concerns, which he admitted; and I contended that he had no option as a party man, but either of coming in now, or of waiting till public calamity or national distress drove Pitt from office, and that then he necessarily must come in to support the very measures which Pitt had not been equal to carry through for the public safety; that, therefore, it was not unreasonable to argue, that his coming into an equal share of power now with Pitt, was not only likely to prevent these public evils, which threatened the community at large, but to insure to him and his friends a much more permanent and secure possession of office, than if they waited till the king, against his will and driven to it by distress, was forced to take them in; that coming in now, his power necessarily must increase from the palpable good effects it would produce; that on his coming in then, it would diminish, from perhaps an unpopular and difficult task being put upon him, and from his not possessing the confidence of the crown. This had some effect on him; I left him and the duke alone, and I was glad to learn that the next morning, when he called again at Burlington House, he was more accommodating and less taciturn than the preceding evening."

Men are but men!

"Lord Fitzwilliam and myself agreed on every point; he, however, went beyond me in insisting on the indispensable necessity of Pitt resigning the Treasury for another cabinet office. He acquiesced in the wisdom of trying to bring Fox to be less attached to these false friends, and said Tom Grenville was the best man to speak to him. Lord Fitzwilliam expressed his dislike to Sheridan; said he might have a lucrative place, but never could be admitted to one of trust and confidence. On my wishing him not to leave town, he said he could safely trust his conscience with the Duke of Portland, and was at the same time ready to return at the shortest notice. . . . Lord Bute again repeated his wish and hopes that a ministry composed of the united parties would be made, and the king was again silent. Lord Bute naturally inferred from this that his majesty was fully acquainted with what had passed; but that he did not choose to commit himself, as matters were not ripe. Lord Bute desired me to mention this to the Duke of Portland, which I did the same day. The duke's remarks on this conference were the same as Lord Bute's; and in a long conversation I had with the duke afterwards, in which he related one that had passed between him and Fox, the same things were repeated I have mentioned before. The duke said, Fox was much more practicable, and had said, '*It was so damned right a thing, that it must be done.*' He, however, still held out on the impossibility of his acting under Pitt."

"June 22.—Burke wished to see me, and I went to breakfast with him. He said he had no wish for any thing himself, that he would accept no office, but that for the general good he was a most warm advocate for a coalition. He observed, Mr. Fox's coach stops the way; and with his usual eloquence, warmth, and wit, went through the whole of Fox's conduct, which he blamed, and concluded by observing how very hard it was that on his account an arrangement calculated to preserve the country should be broken off, yet he foresaw it would be broken off, as there was no doing without Fox, or with him. That, therefore, he wished, as the least evil which could follow, and the only good which could in such a case arise from a negotiation having been once set afloat, that it should be declared by the Duke of Portland,

\* At this date, when the Dissenters' chapel act is passing, the following note is odd enough:—"Early in the session Fox presented a petition from the Unitarians complaining of the statutes in force, and praying for more extensive toleration. On this subject he based a motion, which Burke opposed in a magnificent speech, rebuking the wild theories of the day, and pointing out that the petitioners were not merely a religious sect, but a political faction, aiming at the destruction of the church."

† Lord Thurlow, who had secretly treated with the opposition during the king's illness, and at a later period thwarted Mr. Pitt's measures, was dismissed from office June 15, 1792, and the great seal was put into commission."



&c., as the heads of the great Whig party, that all systematic opposition was at an end; that the principles broached by Grey, &c., and not disavowed by Fox, had necessarily drawn a line of division in the party, and that it was necessary to declare this distinctly and decidedly."

We are reluctant to break off in the middle of the ballad; but can do no more now.

*Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect; with a Dissertation and Glossary.* By Wm. Barnes. 12mo, pp. 373. London, J. R. Smith; Dorchester, G. Simonds.

At first sight apparently local and limited, we have here, notwithstanding, as generally interesting a work, touching the English language, as has appeared since Nares' Glossary. Philologists, and the public at large, are much obliged to Mr. Barnes for the light he has thrown upon his subject, and also for the exceedingly natural and amusing poems with which he has illustrated it. His book is at once a book of learning, the result it must be of extensive lingual accomplishments (Persian, Hindostanee, Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, French, Spanish, and Italian, included), and of poetical merit, which of itself would recommend it to national popularity. For ourselves we shall only add, that it has delighted us, either when pondering upon its research, or being tempted by its beauties to read aloud passage after passage, and call for congenial admiration.

The rustic dialect of Dorsetshire the author holds to be, "with little variation, that of most of the western parts of England, which were included in the kingdom of the West Saxons, the counties of Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, and Dorset, and parts of Somerset and Devon; and has come down by independent descent from the Saxon dialect, which our forefathers, the followers of Cerdic and Cynric, Porta, Stuf, and Whigtar, brought from the south of Denmark, their inland seat, which king Alfred calls 'Eald Saexen,' or Old Saxony, in what is now Holstein, and the three islands, Nordstrand, Busen, and Heiligoland; as the dialects of some of the eastern, middle, and northern counties,—which formerly constituted the kingdoms of the East and Middle Angles, the Mercians, the Northumbrians, the Deiri, and Bernicians,—might have been derived immediately from that of the founders of those kingdoms, the Angles, who came from 'Anglen,' or Old England, in what is now the duchy of Slesvig."

The West Saxon kingdom was founded by Cerdic, at the very end of the fifth century; and he and his successors fought with the Britons, enlarging their dominions, for more than a hundred and fifty years. From the accounts of their battles, and other historical events, "it seems likely that Dorsetshire fell under the power of the West Saxons, and received their language, the venerable parent of its present rustic dialect, with Salisbury, in 552; though the Britons were not driven far beyond the Parret till after the time of Cenwalh, one hundred years later, as Mr. Boswell, in his 'Diocese of Bristol,' offers reasons for believing that St. Birin, who baptised King Cynegils in 634, was bishop of Dorchester in Dorsetshire."

Thus derived, "the Dorset dialect is a broad and bold shape of the English language, as the Doric was of the Greek. It is rich in humour, strong in railery and hyperbole; and altogether as fit a vehicle of rustic feeling and thought, as the Doric is found in the *Idyllia* of Theocritus. Some people, who may have been taught to consider it as having originated from corruption of the written English, may

not be prepared to hear that it is not only a separate offspring from the Anglo-Saxon tongue, but purer and more regular than the dialect which is chosen as the national speech; purer, inasmuch as it uses many words of Saxon origin, for which the English substitutes others of Latin, Greek, or French derivation; and more regular, inasmuch as it inflects regularly many words which in the national language are irregular. In English, purity is in many cases given up for the sake of what is considered to be elegance. Instead of the expression of the common people, 'I will not be put upon,' we are apt to consider it better language to say, 'I will not be imposed upon;' though the word imposed is the Latin *impositum*, put upon; from *in*, upon, and *pono*, to put. For 'I cannot make it out,' again, we say, 'I cannot effect it;' though effect is from the Latin *effectum*, the supine of *efficio*, to make out, from *ex*, out, and *facio*, to make; and for 'I stand to it,' we take 'I insist on it;' though to insist is the Latin *sisto*, to stand, and *in*, upon: so that in these and other such cases we use in what we consider the better expression, the very same words as in the worse; or we take, instead of two English words, a Latin compound, which, from the laws upon which languages are constructed, and the limited range of choice which the human mind has in constructing expressions for the same idea, is made of the very simples which we reject."

We have ever maintained, that the nearer we went to the old Saxon English, and the less we had to do with the Roman and Greek compounds, in the common intercourse and expressions of life, the more forcible was our language; and that the best authors were those who abounded most in this mode of expounding their meaning, and reserved the learned tongues for sciences and other matters which had sprung up since the undefiled well served, so well, all the purposes of our forefathers. We entirely agree with Mr. Barnes.

Into the peculiarities of the Dorset dialect we need not follow him in his able treatise, nor need we do more than refer to his glossary of nearly a hundred pages as possessing the philological value we have intimated; but proceed at once to his poetry, indited with charming rural felicity, kindly, feelingly, and all in keeping with the too much neglected golden rule. The very first composition, on the "Spring," is a fair example:

"When wintry weather's al a-done,  
An' brooks da sparkle in the zun,  
An' naisy builden rooks da vlee  
Wi' sticks toward ther elem-tree,  
An' we can hear birds zing, and zee  
Upon the boughs the buds o' spring,  
Then I don't envy any king,  
A-vield wi' health an' zunsheen.  
Var then the cowlslip's hangen flow'r,  
A-wetted in the zunny show'r,  
Da grow wi' r'lets sweet o' smell,  
That maidens al da like so well;  
An' drushes' aggs, wi' sky-blue shell,  
Da lie in mossy nests among  
The tharns, while the da zing ther zong  
At evenen in the zunsheen.  
An' God da make his win' to blow,  
An' rain to val var high an' low,  
An' tell his marnen zun to rise  
Var al alik'; an' groun' an' skies  
Ha' colors var the poor man's eyes;  
An' in our trials He is near  
To hear our muoan an' zee our tear,  
An' turn our clouds to zunsheen.  
An' many times, when I da vind  
Things goo awry, an' vo'ke unkind;  
To zee the quick vreden herds,  
An' hear the zing'n o' the birds,  
Da still mi spurrit more than words.  
Var I da zee that 'tis our sin  
Da make oon's soul so dark 'tithin  
When God wud gie us zunsheen."

A little bit of young rustic doctoring with dock-leaves is told as a spell in the following playful lines:

"The dock-leaves that da spread so wide  
Upon thik wold bank's zunny zide  
Da bring to mind what we did do  
At play wi' docks var years ago.  
How we,—when nettles had a-stung  
Our busy han's when we wer young,—  
Did rub 'em wi' a dock, an' zing  
'Out nett!' in dock. In dock out sting!"

How affecting the recollections associated with "the great old oak-tree in the dell" may be gathered from the first stanza:

"The girt wook-tree that's in the dell!  
Ther's noo tree I da love so well.  
Var in thik tree, when I wer young,  
I have a-clim'd an' I've a-zwung,  
An' pick'd the yacors that wer spread  
About below his spreaden head.  
An' jist below en is the brod  
Wher I did vish wi' line an' hook.  
An' bathe my young an' slender lims,  
An' have my buoyish dips and zwims;  
An' there my father used to zit;  
An' there my mother used to knit;  
An' I've a-played wi' many a buoy  
That's now a man an' gone away.  
Zoo I da like noo tree so well  
's the girt wook-tree that's in the dell."

All the rural images and pictures, divided into the four seasons of the year, are equally grateful to the sense—so pleasing and natural that they often remind us of Burns, and occasionally of Wordsworth. The merrier strains are humorously characteristic; but the subjoined selections will shew much better than our observations could convey an adequate idea of the writer's talent. Would that all agricultural labourers could join in the following contented sentiments, and forget political economists, rick-burning, and anti-corn-law leagues!

"O when our zun's a-zinken low,  
How soft's the light his face da drop  
Upon the backward read our mind  
Da turn an' zee a-left behind;  
When we in chilehood us'd to vind  
Delight among the gilcup-flow'rs,  
Al droo the zummer's zunny hours;  
An' sleep did come wi' the dew.

An' a'terwards, when we did zweet  
A-twilen in the zummer het,  
An' when our dailly work wer done  
Did use to have our evenen fun;  
Till up above the zetten zun  
The sky wer blushen in the west,  
An' we laid down in peace to rest;  
An' sleep did come wi' the dew.

Ah! zome da turn,—but tidden right,—  
The night to dae an' dae to night;  
But we da zee the vust red streak  
O' marnen, when the dae da briak;  
An' zoo we ben't so piale an' weak,  
But we da work wi' health an' strangth  
Vrom marnen droo the wuolo dae's langth,  
An' sleep da come wi' the dew.

An' when at laste our ethly light  
Is jist a-draen in to night,  
We mid be sure that God above,  
If we be true when he da prove  
Our steadfast faith an' thankful love,  
Wuld do var we what mid be best,  
An' tlike us into endless rest,  
As sleep da come wi' the dew."

"Grandmother's Shoes" is a sportive performance, but still with a tinge of pathos that comes home to the heart:

"I da seeme to zee grammer as she did use  
Var to shew us at Chris'mas her widden shoes,  
An' her flat spreaden bonnet so big an' roun  
As a girt pewter-dish a-turn'd upseedown.  
When we al did dra near  
In a cluster to hear  
O' the merry wold soun how she did use  
To wa'ke an' dance wi' her high-heel shoes.  
She'd a gown wi' girt flowers like hollyhocks,  
An' zome stockens o' grammer's a-knit wi' clocks,  
An' a token she kept under lock an' key,  
A snal lock or his hair off avore 'twer grey.  
An' her eyes wer red,  
An' she shook her head,  
When we'd al a-look'd at it, an' she did use  
To lock it away wi' her widden shoes."

She coud tell us sich tales about heavy snows,  
An' o' rains an' o' floods when the waters rose  
Al up into the housen, an' carr'd awoy  
Al the brudges wi' a man an' his little buoy,  
An' o' vog an' vrost  
An' o' vo'ke a-lost,  
An' o' piarties at Chris'mas when she did use  
Var to wa'ke huome wi' gramfer in high-heel shoes.

Ah! an' how she did like var to deek wi' red  
Holly-berries the winder an' wold clock's head,  
An' the clavy wi' boughs o' some bright green leaves,  
An' to miakie toast an' yale upon Chris'mas eves.  
But she's now droo griace  
In a better place.

Though we'll never vargit her, poor soul, nor loose  
Gramfer's token or hiair nar her wedden shoes."

But we must conclude; and the pathetic song of "Mary Ann's Child" will suit sadly for a finale:

"Mary-Ann wer aluone wi' her biaby in yarms,  
In her house wi' the trees auver head,  
Var her husban' wer out in the night an' the starn  
In his bizness a-twilen var bread;  
An' she, as the wind in the elms did roar,  
Did grievy var Robert al night out o' door.

An' her kinsav'ke an' nighbours did zae ov her chile  
(Under the high elem-tree),  
That a pirties neede'd be babble ar smile  
Up o' top ov a proud mother's knee,

An' his mother did toss en, an' kiss en, and cal  
En her darlin, an' life, an' her hope, an' her al.  
But she voun' in the evenen the chile werden well  
(Under the dark elem-tree),  
An' she thought she coud gi' al the wordle to tell  
Var a truth what his ailen mid be;

An' she thought o' en laste in her prayers at night,  
An' she look'd at en laste as she put out the light.  
An' she voun' en growd wos in the dead o' the night  
(Under the dark elem-tree),  
An' she press'd en agen her warm buzzom so tight,  
An' she rock'd en so zarrafullly;

An' there laid a-nes'ten the poor little buoy  
Till his struggles grow'd weak, an' his cries died awoy.  
An' the moon wer a-sheen down into the piace  
(Under the dark elem-tree),  
An' his mother coud zee that his lips an' his face  
Wer so white as clein axen coud be.

An' her tongue wer a-shut, an' his han's be at rest,  
An' she chint zee en smile up at she;  
But his soul, we da know, is to he'ven a-ried,  
Wher noo pain is a-know'd an' noo tears be a-shed."

The annexed are half-a-dozen examples of the glossary:—  
"Bring one gwain. To bring one going. To bring one on one's way. The expression is equal to the Greek προεμπειν (see Acts xv. 3), and seems to be much wanted in our vocabulary. The Yorkshire dialect has 'to set' for its synonym, and the Scotch 'to convey,' illustrated by the proverb, 'A Kelso conveye, a stride an' half owre the doorstone.' 'I pray you, my lord, to commune with him whiles I bring my Lord of Durham going.'—*Philpot's 11th Examination*, p. 112, Parker Society edition."

"Charm. Bed-charm. The author when a child was taught a bed-charm comprehending the one given by Hone in his Year-book, December 18:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, an' John,  
Be blest the bed that I lie on;  
Vow'r carners to my bed,  
Vow'r annegls at a-spread,  
Oone at head, an' oone at feet,  
An' two to keep my soul asleep."

"Dewbit. The first meal in the morning, not so substantial as a regular breakfast. The agricultural labourers in some parts of Dorsetshire were accustomed some years since to say that in harvest-time they required seven meals in the day: dewbit, breakfast, nuncheon, crunch-eon, nammit, crammit, and supper. But this seems to have been rather a quaint jingle than an enumeration of meals, as some of them, nuncheon and nammit, for example, clearly in-

dicate the same." Mr. Banks might have quoted this in parliament on the Dorsetshire-wages debate.

"Drashel. A. S. perscel, a flail. 'He afeorma'd his pyrsel flore.'—*Matt. iii. 12*. Also a threshold. [This word affords one of many instances in which the rustic dialect is full and distinctive, while English is defective. The *drashel*, in English the *flail*, consists of two staves, the *handstaff* and the *vlail*,—*flail* or *flegel*, flying staff, from the Anglo-Saxon *fleogan*, to fly,—connected with the handstaff by a free socket called a *runnen kiaple*, a *capel*, from the Anglo-Saxon *ceafe*, a beak or nozzle; so that the flail is only one part of the tool, for which the English has no name.]"

"Kernel. This word is commonly applied to the pips of pomaceous fruit, which are sometimes shot from between the thumb and forefinger by young folks after saying,

'Kernel come kernel, hop over my thumb,  
And tell me which way my truelove will come,  
East, west, north, or south.  
Kernel jump into my true love's mouth."

"Viaryring. A fairy-ring. The belief in fairies, one of the most poetical and beautiful of superstitions, still lingers in the west. In Somerset, haws are *pixy-pears*, or fairy-pears; a name which does not violate botanical classification, since the hawthorn is of the pear tribe; and toadstools are *pixy-stools*, or fairy-stools; for as they enrich the soil and bring the fairy-ring by rotting down after they have seeded outward from its centre, so that the ring of actual fungi is outside of the fairy-ring, it was natural for those who believed the ring to be brought by the dancing of fairies, to guess that the fungi were stools upon which they sat down when tired. The fungus is one of the beneficent natural agents in enriching the soil for grass-plants. An agricultural friend told the author, that on breaking up some fairy-rings, they were afterwards shown in greener and ranker circles of wheat, as they would have been in grass."

*Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823; commanded by Lieut. now Admiral F. Von Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy.* 2d edit., with additions. Edited by Lieut.-Col. E. Sabine, R.A., F.R.S. Pp. 525. London, J. Madden and Co.

A most desirable and welcome republication, which, besides the narrative of Von Wrangell's three years' toil, presents a thorough view of all the Russian expeditions in the north polar regions, their geographical results, their natural history, and their almost incredible privations, dangers, and adventures. Sir James Ross's recent return from the opposite pole has given a new interest to these accounts, and seems to point at some farther efforts to be made by England to complete the surveys and solve the problems of the northern hemisphere which have so long excited curiosity and stimulated investigation. See Pref. page xii., where Col. Sabine says: "It cannot be doubted that, by calling again into action the energy and the other admirable qualities which have been fostered and displayed in the Arctic voyages, [and which have been since exhibited in fullest vigour in the Antarctic expedition,]\* and by persevering through a succession of seasons, a vessel might be successfully forced from the Atlantic to the Pacific through that confined and encumbered portion of the sea in which all the recent attempts have been made; and that this would be deemed, and deservedly deemed, an

achievement of no ordinary character; but who that reflects on the interest which has been excited in this country for two centuries and a half by the question of a north-west passage—on the heroic performances of the earlier navigators in their frail and insufficient vessels—and on all the efforts of modern times,—can forbear to wish that the crowning enterprise of so much exertion, and so many hopes, may be more suitable to those expectations of a 'free and navigable' passage which formed the reasonable basis of this long-cherished project."

Of the work now before us, Col. Sabine announces that, "besides having undergone careful revision here, the present edition has gained by the correction, by M. Von Wrangell himself, of such errata as had found their way into the German, and had not been discovered in the course of the English translation. This edition has, besides, not only the advantage of being in a much cheaper and more accessible form than the first, but it has also been enriched by a portrait of Admiral Von Wrangell, and by an additional chapter, containing a brief narrative of the proceedings of the Ustiansk expedition, under M. Von Anjou, of whose labours the New Siberian Islands, and the sea in their vicinity, were the principal scene."

And he continues:—"It is with very great satisfaction that I am enabled, on the present occasion, to state the full concurrence of M. Von Wrangell in the opinions which I ventured to express in the preface to the first edition relative to the navigation of the Polar Sea. M. Von Wrangell says, in a letter addressed to me: 'The opinion expressed by you in the preface, relatively to the existence of open navigable water in the north, corresponds perfectly to the impressions which were excited in me by the constantly repeated obstacles to a further advance to the northward over the ice. According to my views, it should be possible to reach and to follow this open water from Spitzbergen. If it were possible to embark in a suitably fitted vessel from New Siberia, a most interesting result might probably be expected. There would then seem still to remain a wide field of research open to the spirit of enterprise of experienced navigators, before the question of a water-communication between the two oceans in high northern latitudes be decidedly solved.' As I have myself seen no reason to alter or modify the opinions referred to, and as their possible bearing on future researches has still the same importance in my view, and was, in fact, a principal motive to the undertaking of the present work, I subjoin the portion of the preface to the first edition in which those opinions were expressed:—"Whether we view M. Von Wrangell's narrative as an authentic account of a portion of the globe and of its inhabitants hitherto but very imperfectly known—or as a personal relation of difficulties encountered and privations borne in a spirit which England cherishes in its own officers, and is not slow to value in others—or finally, as an essential portion of the history of Arctic discovery, in which our own country has taken so prominent a part,—in each and in all of these respects it has a claim on the attention and interest of British readers."

\* "It must be borne in mind, that the 'north-west passage,' and 'the determination and survey of the north coast of America,' are distinct geographical problems; the latter, in which the name of Franklin stands pre-eminent, and which, by means of the recent highly praiseworthy exertions of the Hudson's Bay Company and its officers, Messrs. Dease and Simpson, is now nearly completed, is one of the collateral fruits of the interest originally excited by the question of 'the north-west passage.'"

• "This sentence is added in the present edition."

A claim, we will add, of the most irrepressible nature, and one which every Briton will acknowledge with gratification of no ordinary sort.

Of the leading journal, which produced so great an effect when first published, we need say little. At page 12 we fancy the 9th of June is stated instead of the 9th of July; and the following is among the novel additions:

"In 1836 there were sold at Iakutsk 500 beaver-skins, 615,000 squirrels' ditto, 200 otter, 2000 marten, 20,000 stone-foxes, 45,000 ermine, 16,000 sable, 35,000 marmot, 10,000 musk, 1000 pood weight of walrus' teeth, and 1900 pood of mammoths' tusks." Communicated by Admiral Von Wrangell in ms. to Colonel Sabine.

M. Von Anjou's Ustiansk expedition\* furnishes us with only the following extract:—

"Nothing remarkable was met with except the so-called 'wooden mountains' on the south coast of New Siberia. This name is applied to a part of the shore extending about five wersts, and rising abruptly from the sea to a vertical height of twenty fathoms. It consists of earth in which are imbedded planks, lying in an horizontal position, in heaps of fifty, sometimes more, sometimes less, and the ends cropping out. The thickest planks were 2½ inches in diameter; the wood was brittle, semi-hard, of a black colour, faintly shining, imperfectly combustible, and with a pitchy smell. When the coast-survey was completed, M. Von Anjou, finding that he had still a good supply of provisions remaining, determined on making a fresh attempt over the ice to the eastward from New Siberia, where M. Von Hedenström had tried without success in 1820; but the prevalence of westerly winds during the preceding winter appeared to justify the hope of finding a considerable extent of firm ice in that direction. On the 9th of April he accordingly took his departure from Cape Kamenny; on this occasion a supply of driftwood was carried, which had been previously unnecessary. A north-easterly direction was followed as nearly as possible, great difficulties being encountered by reason of hummocks and uneven ice. On the 11th ascending vapours were seen to the north; and on the 14th, having made good about sixty miles from Kamenny, thin ice was met with extending towards the south-east. Here a white bear was killed; and soundings were taken, fifteen fathoms mud. The edge of the thin ice was then followed to the south-east, columns of vapour to the eastward shewing that there too the sea was not covered by ice; three open places were gone round, where the depth of the sea was found to be thirteen fathoms, with mud bottom; further south twelve and a half fathoms were found. Impassable hummocks, and the approaching failure of food for the dogs, obliged M. Von Anjou to make for the continent, which he reached on the 27th near the river Krestowaia, having been eighteen days from land."

We conclude with another view taken from

\* In the former publication it is related of the Iakuts, that "they are remarkable for the acuteness of their sight. A middle-aged Iakut assured M. Von Anjou that he had several times seen that blue star, pointing to Jupiter, swallow up another very small star, and soon afterwards send it forth again: thus he had observed with the naked eye the immersion and emersion of one of Jupiter's satellites. Their memory and local sagacity are also very surprising, and are of the greatest use in their journeys through these extensive and unvaried wastes. A pool, a stone, a bush, a rise of ground so slight as to be hardly perceptible, objects which an European scarcely notices, are deeply impressed in their memory, and serve years afterwards to guide them over the trackless and desert steppe."

the researches of another daring voyager—Hedenström:—

"The shores of the Polar Ocean, from the Lena to Behring Straits, are for the most part low and flat, rising so little above the level of the sea, that in winter it is difficult to discover where the land terminates. A few wersts inland, however, a line of high ground runs parallel with the present coast, and formerly, no doubt, constituted the boundary of the ocean. This belief is strengthened by the quantity of decayed wood found on the upper level; and also by the shoals that run far out to sea, and are probably destined, at some future period, to become dry land. On these shoals, during the winter, lofty hummocks fix themselves, forming a kind of bulwark along the low shore, and often remaining there the whole summer without melting. The banks of the rivers and lakes in the interior, on the other hand, are bold and precipitous, and present a singular geological phenomenon in their regular alternate strata of ice and soil, and the veins of ice that run through them in different directions. The nearer the Arctic shore is approached, the more scanty and diminutive the trees become. As far as Verchoiansk larch-trees of good size are still found. Beyond the 70th degree neither trees nor shrubs are met with. He gives some interesting particulars respecting the mammoth-bones, the peculiar production of Siberia, and more particularly of the northern islands. According to his account, these bones or tusks are less large and heavy the further we advance towards the north, so that it is a rare occurrence on the islands to meet with a tusk of more than three pood in weight, whereas on the continent they are said to weigh often as much as twelve pood. In quantity, however, these bones increase wonderfully to the northward; and, as Sannikow expresses himself, 'the whole soil of the first of the Liakhov Islands appears to consist of them.' For about eighty years the fur-hunters have every year brought large cargoes from this island; but as yet there is no sensible diminution of the stock. The tusks on the islands are also much more fresh and white than those of the continent. A sand-bank on the western side was most productive of all; and the fur-hunters maintain that, when the sea recedes after a long continuance of easterly winds, a fresh supply of mammoth-bones is always found to have been washed upon this bank, proceeding apparently from some vast store at the bottom of the sea. In addition to the mammoth, the remains of two other unknown animals are found along the shore of the Polar Ocean. The head of one of these bears a strong resemblance to that of the rein-deer; differing from it in the size and form of the antlers, which descend and turn up towards the extremity. The head of the other animal is generally thirty-one inches long and twelve inches broad; the nose is bent downward, and shews several rows of bony excrescences. Near these last-named skulls something like the claw of an enormous bird is generally found. These claws are often three English feet long, flat above, but pointed below, the section presenting a triangle. They appear to have been divided into joints throughout their whole length, like the claws of a bird. The Iukahirs, who make use of these horny claws to give increased force to their bows, maintain that the head and claws have both belonged to an enormous bird, respecting which they relate a number of marvellous stories."\*

\* "Dr. Kyber had frequent opportunities of exa-

An excellent map imparts to this little volume a high scientific value, and renders it worthy of being preserved for reference and comparison whenever Arctic information, past or future, may be sought.

#### JOHNSTON'S TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN AETHIOPIA.

[Third notice.]

The following miscellaneous selections must complete what we have marked out to do with the first volume:—

*The Israelites in the Wilderness.*—"To-day I witnessed a very interesting proof of the great similarity between the climate and physical character of this country, and that through which Moses led the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. About noon, a sudden stir among the kafilah people induced me to leave my hut to see what could be the matter; every one was running about for mats and skins, with which they covered in a great hurry the heaps of salt-bags that surrounded the encampment. Those who had charge of the stores of the embassy were equally busy in protecting the boxes and packages from a storm which was fast approaching; for on looking towards the east I saw, with astonishment, the sky in that direction quite dark, with one vast cloud of wind, and the red sand borne up before it. Its rotary motion was very evident, although the whirlwind, as it really was, was too large and too near to be seen distinctly as a separate body, which it might have been at some little distance. It advanced towards the camp at the rate of about ten or twelve miles an hour; but as numbers were now shouting to me to get under cover, and I did not know exactly what effects to anticipate, I made a dive into my hut, and, wrapping my head and face up in my handkerchief to prevent inhaling more of the fine sand than could be avoided, I awaited the result. In a few moments afterwards the strength of the wind passed over us, whirling the roof of my hut, along with the mats covering the salt, high up in the air, and scattering them far and wide over the plain; the heavy stones, that had been placed upon them to prevent such an occurrence, being rolled off, sometimes upon the prostrate kafilah men, who lay under the sides of the salt heaps, which they had hoped would have served as a kind of shielding from the blinding and choking sand. A few drops of rain and some distant claps of thunder accompanied this phenomenon. In a few minutes, the sky clearing, the short silence of the camp gave way to a burst of shouting and laughing as the people chased the retiring column in pursuit of their flying mats and ropes. I got out of my retreat, and saw moving towards the west an immense pillar of sand, reaching from earth to heaven, in form and size exactly like the huge water-spouts I have seen out at sea off the island of Ceylon. On asking Ohmed Medina respecting these sand-spouts, and whether they were common in Adal, he told me that sometimes twenty or thirty of them might be seen at once upon extensive plains which admitted of their formation; and added, that they were always accompanied by rain, and with the sheet-lightning in the horizon by night, and that these signs directed the Bedouins to situations where they would not fail to find water for their flocks. This was a most interesting fact for me to learn, evidently proving, as it does, that the goodness of heaven was not especially devoted to the comfort and

mining these supposed heads and claws of a bird, and believes them to be the remains of a species of rhinoceros."



happiness of the Israelites alone, as with some little national vanity, and more ignorance of natural phenomena, these people have ascribed the presence of the pillar of a cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to be, imagining them to have been solely created for the purpose of directing them in their wanderings through the wilderness. We find, however, that in Adal the same benevolence has there provided for the Dankalli Bedouin similar indications for his convenience in a country where water is only occasionally found. Moses very properly led the Israelites to believe these signs to be, as they really are, miracles of mercy exerted in the behalf of man, and which still prove, as in the time of that great leader, that the hand of God is always stretched over his creatures to preserve them in situations where otherwise they would be exposed to great privations."

*A Pictorial Hint.*—"With respect to the usual attitude of these people, when sitting in conversation, or in council, their faces just appearing above the upper edge of their shields, it struck me that very probably this might have given occasion for the representations made of an Ethiopian people who had no heads, but whose eyes and mouths were placed upon their breasts. No other reason can be found to account for the described appearance of the Blemmyes; and those who have seen the Dankalli sitting behind their shields, either in council or in battle-array, must admit, I think, the probability that this national and characteristic custom was the foundation of the ancient report."

*The Country towards the Abyssinian Alps.*—"The appearance of the country that we passed through was, as might be expected, very uniform the whole way; a beautiful long valley, extending in a general direction from the southwest towards the north-east. A rich alluvial soil was thinly strewn with a few dark-coloured fragments of the lava-ridges which formed the boundaries towards the east and west. Grass was very plentiful; and the trees so thick, as in some parts to assume the appearance of a wood. Enormous ant-hills shewed their red tops between the summits of the low trees, and numerous herds of several different kinds of antelope were feeding all around. At length the lava-ridges on either side seemed to approach each other, and we reached a confined valley, through which flowed a narrow stream, winding among thick clumps of very high trees. Birds of the most brilliant plumage and gorgeously tinted butterflies made the road one continued cabinet-gallery of all that is rare and beautiful in the colours which are most admired in these painted favourites of nature."

"The moonen, or toothbrush-tree, abounded at Sakeitaban. Several of the Hy Soumaulee brought me a handful of the berries to eat; but I was soon obliged to call out, 'Hold, enough!' so warmly aromatic was their flavour. This singular fruit grows in drooping clusters of flesh-coloured mucilaginous berries, the size of our common red currants, each containing a single round seed, about as large as a peppercorn. The taste at first is sweet, and not unpleasant, and by some, I think, would be considered very agreeable indeed. After some little time, if many are eaten, the warmth in the palate increases considerably, and reminded me of the effect of pepper, or of very hot cress. As we approached the river Hawash I found these trees growing more abundantly."

"A curious kind of medicine I observed carefully picked up by my Dankalli companions. This was the hard clay-like faeces of the manas, or pangolin, said to have cathartic effects. This

mailed ant-eater excavates with its strong fore-claws a passage through the thick mud-walls of the ant-hills, and the numerous army of soldier and of labouring ants that are hereupon summoned to the rescue fall an easy prey to the slimy-tongued invader. The pangolin materially assists the porcupine in obtaining his food; for after the destruction of the little animals by the former, he takes advantage of the excavated passage, and possesses himself of the hoards of grain and other seeds collected by these industrious insects. This, at least, appears to me the most reasonable mode of accounting for the presence of the porcupine so frequently found in the neighbourhood of a burrowed, and consequently a ruined, ant-hill."

"Near the Hawash the waters of the lake appeared to be much lower than the level of the Hawash. Lofty trees, many of them quite new to me, grew close down to the water's edge. Beneath them were some white pelicans, with their heads and long beaks resting upon their craws, that seemed to be idly ruminating upon their last meal of fish. The smooth surface of the lake at intervals was frequently disturbed by the cautiously protruded face and nostrils of a bulky hippopotamus, which, snorting with a deeply drawn breath, would prepare for his gambolling plunge again to the bottom. I fired several times, but without success, although my companions were satisfied themselves that some were killed, because the noise of the report, and perhaps the soft harmless tap of a leaden bullet, induced the animals to remove themselves farther off, or to keep altogether out of sight below the surface, as on occasions of emergency they can remain for a long period at the bottom without a fresh supply of air. I looked out for crocodiles, many of which other travellers reported were to be seen in this lake. I do not question the correctness of these observations, because I did not happen to see one myself. Many of my companions appeared to be familiar with the sight of them; for among other astonishing beasts I was to see at the Hawash was one, they told me, something like a lizard, which they used to represent by joining the two elbows together, and then opening wide the hands and fore-arms, intimated what an extent of mouth this animal had. Traces of hyenas, and of some large feline animal, were repeatedly seen; and although I saw no elephants in this place, their sharp trumpet-cry was heard throughout the next night. On idly turning over some stones to see the greatest number of scorpions I could find in one family, I came upon a large black centipede, curled up in the usual manner of these reptiles when they are exposed. Stooping to examine it more closely, Ohmed Medina, and others, who had seen me, without remark, amusing myself with the scorpions, now cried out that this would kill me, and some got up from the ground to pull me away; for they supposed I was going to take hold of it. Turning up my face with a peculiar look, as if to ask them if they thought me such a goose, I said, in English, inquiringly, 'Bite like devil?' to which Ohmed Medina, in a tone of the most decided affirmation, made me laugh by repeating my words like an echo, 'Bite like devil!' accompanied with repeated nods of the head so appropriately, that he appeared fully to understand the import of the words he used. We loitered along the stony banks of the lake until long after the moon had risen, in the vain hope that the hippopotami would come out to graze, as is usual with them during the night. This, however, they were prevented doing, being alarmed by loud laughter and the clapping of hands, which proceeded

from our camp; for the younger people of the kafilah were amusing themselves with dancing to celebrate their safe passage over the Hawash. The unusual noise confined the unwieldy beasts to their watery home, although the frequent rough snort, and the ripple which followed their return to the bottom of the lake, were evidences of the interest with which they watched for the termination of the boisterous sounds that, so unaccountably to them, broke upon the stillness of night, and usurped with whooping yells the usual retreats of solitude and silence."

*Slavery.*—"Many of the Dankalli Bedouins do certainly sell their female children. Garah-mee, as I have before observed, had thus disposed of three, and Moosa of two daughters; and on more than one occasion I had offered to me for sale girls from ten to fourteen years old, at the price of about four or five dollars each. In merchandise, the value of a really handsome slave-girl appears much more trifling than when paid for in hard dollars, as six or seven cubits of blue sood, worth about two shillings in England, is a more than sufficient temptation to induce even a mother to part with her child. These bargains I observed were always transacted with the female relatives; but the returns, I was told, were generally handed over to the fathers or brothers. The girls were frightened to death at the idea of being sold to me, but seemed happy enough to leave their desert homes in search of fortunes elsewhere with masters of their own colour; and both parents and children in these business-transactions supported themselves most stoically, although on the eve of being separated for ever."

[The children-slaves, from 8 to 14 years of age, marching from the interior, are represented, as by Major Harris, to be well treated, and the liveliest little creatures in the country.]

*Entrail-Ornaments.*—"That portion of the entrails with which the Dankalli, in common with the other savage inhabitants of this part of Africa, are said to adorn themselves, is the omentum, or peritoneal covering of the bowels, and which corresponds with what, in our butchers' shops, is called the leaf, and from which lard is rendered. This omentum abounds with fat, easily melted by the sun. It is taken and twisted by the hands into a kind of rope, which is tied around the neck, the ends hanging low behind the back. It is not, therefore, for ornament that entrails are worn by these people; but for the relief and comfort the skin receives from unctuous substances when liable to exposure under a burning sun, and which has dictated the employment of this natural and constant supply of grease in the manner I have described."

The value and safety of greasing their bodies, their ochring, and other customs, so laughed at and contemned, give rise to similar rites and customs of the toilet throughout the hot climate and arid land of Africa. Many are the foolish remarks which ignorance perpetuates, whether on tour or travel.

*The Gipsy: a Tale.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo, pp. 411. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE first of a new edition of Mr. James's popular works, each handsomely printed in a single octavo volume, and accompanied by an appropriate embellishment. Welcome these productions will be to readers of every class; but the interesting autobiographical general preface in the present instance must detain us from a longer notice till our next *Gazette* appears.

*The New Quarterly Home, Foreign, and Colonial Review* (Smith, Elder, and Co.), No. 1, is a modification of the *Foreign and Colonial*; the papers of a mixed and unequal character, and some of them highly charged (as those hostile to Russia); and others full of useful information, as that on the fine arts in Munich, especially interesting at this time to English art.

*The People's Family Bible*. Parts I. to V. inclusive. Super-royal 4to. Fisher and Co. THE authorised version, printed at the Cambridge University Press, handsomely embellished with historical and sacred designs from the old masters, and landscapes from drawings made expressly for the publication—two fine plates in each shilling-part! Without seeing the work it is hardly possible to imagine how it could be published at such a price, even though the plates are not altogether new. They are forcibly engraved in everlasting steel, and contribute to the illustration of the text in a highly interesting manner. The edition when completed, in ninety or ninety-two parts, will indeed be a splendid and valuable production.

*The People's Gallery of Engravings*. Edited by the Rev. G. N. Wright. The same. Parts I. to IX. Is another reissue of remarkable attractions. In these Numbers there are no fewer than thirty-six various, characteristic, and pleasing engravings—three-pence a piece!

*The Beauties of the Opera*. Part III. Bogue. GRIST and Norma are here transferred from the stage to the plate. The left arm of the heroine is awkwardly deformed by the costume. The woodcuts are fair representations of the drama as it is given in her Majesty's Theatre.

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Moxon. THE second of the three volumes with which Mr. Moxon is enriching our poetical literature at so cheap a rate. Like the first, it is a collection full of interest and beauty.

*A View of Sir C. Metcalfe's Government of Canada*. By a Member of the Provincial Parliament. Pp. 43. London, Snijb, Elder, and Co.

AN account of the political struggles in Canada, and especially those in which Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine act prominent parts. The writer seems to think, and advise, that the imperial government at home should suspend the constitution, and act on its own responsibility, in order to restore affairs to a safe footing.

*Church Needlework; with Practical Remarks on its Arrangement and Preparation*. By Miss Lambert. 8vo, pp. 158. J. Murray.

A CURIOUS and very neatly embellished volume, in which the earliest history of needlework, a thousand years ago, is noticed in many remarkable instances, and the art described, as being piously exercised to adorn the interiors of churches and the garments of the priests. Then follow some instructions for the execution of similar works, for any of the purposes which now employ the fair hands and while away the idle time of the class who are neither sempstresses nor factory girls, but, like Solomon's lilies, neither toil nor spin. It is very pretty to see them create landscapes, copy pictures, and manufacture such a number of little articles, as useful as they are beautiful, up even from wine-mats and kettle-holders to table and sofa-covers. To all such industrious fleas we recommend Miss Lambert.

*Thoughts on Habit and Discipline*. 12mo, pp. 303. London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

EARNESTLY inculcating the valuable moral principle of cultivating good and repressing bad habits, this volume contains many just views, and offers much instructive advice.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. H. Goulburn, M.P., &c., on the Field, Garden, or Cottage-Allotment System*. By James Lord, Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 15. London, W. H. Dalton.

"WHAT," says Mr. Lord, not much, if at all, overcharging the picture—"what is the position of the country at the present moment? We behold society undergoing a rapid process of disorganisation—its elements rising in opposition and discord—its component parts separating from one another—riches arrayed against poverty, and the sons of poverty in their turn marshalled against riches—wealth accumulating, people dying for want of bread—the rich becoming daily more wealthy, the poor more needy, more wretched, and more reckless—the one class with money, but no object in which to embark it—the other with labour to give, but no one requiring it—their strength languishing in inactivity, whilst their wives and children piteously cry for bread, and pine for food, which they cannot earn, dare not steal, yet for want of which many have gone to a premature grave." As one of the remedies for this frightful state of things, the writer earnestly recommends the system indicated in his title; and, *pro tanto*, we cordially agree with him.

*Gottfried and Beata*. Pp. 96. Harvey and Darton. A STORY from the German, by the author of "The Story without an End," translated by Anna Moline, and illustrated by H. Newman, is a fair pendant to that popular little picture of German manners. It is interspersed with poetry, and an agreeable production for youthful readers.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

SIR,—Some years ago it occurred to me, that in every circle there must exist a chord-line of some arc of that circle, which is equal to the base of a square containing the same area as the circle. Pursuing this idea, I endeavoured to ascertain by computation what should be the length of that chord-line, and thereby the angle included by it. For all practical purposes, a fixed point on the protractor would give the base of the square equal to any given circle. If the circle be divided into 360°, the chord-line of 124° 48' 21" will very closely approximate to the base of a square equal to the area of the circle. If we divide the circle into 300°, then 104° will give the required chord-line as truly as can be drawn by mathematical instruments.

A geometrical solution of the problem of the quadrature of the circle has been long sought in vain; may I therefore hope that the following simple mode of obtaining a *very* close approximation, if not, as I fully expect, the *exact truth*, will be favourably received by the lovers of geometry.

In a given circle, having a square inscribed within it as well as surrounding it, take on the tangent from the perpendicular diameter a space equal to one-third of the base of the inner square (which may be readily obtained by drawing a line from the centre to a point being one-fourth of the side of the circumscribing square, or by drawing a diagonal line from the end of the horizontal diameter to the corner of the circumscribing square—these lines divide the base of the inner square into three equal parts). From the point thus obtained, draw a line to the nearest end of the horizontal diameter. From the point cut in the circumference of the circle, a chord-line drawn to the further extremity of the horizontal diameter will be equal

to the base of a square equivalent to the area of the circle.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
CHARLES M. WILLICH.

University Life-Office, 1st July, 1844.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.

*Expédition Chronométrique, exécutée par ordre de sa Majesté l'Empereur Nicolas I, entre Poulkova et Altona pour la Détermination de la Longitude Géographique relative de l'Observatoire Central de Russie. Rapports faits à l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de St. Petersburg par F. G. W. Struve, Premier Astronome, &c.* St. Petersburg, 1844.

FROM this work, dedicated to his Majesty Christian VIII., King of Denmark, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, &c. &c., we abstract a brief, and, we trust, an interesting, sketch of the history of chronometrical expeditions. During the last twenty years the employment of chronometers has been rapidly extended for the exact determination of the difference in longitude between the observatories of Europe and other important geographical positions. The progress to perfection in clockwork, the general interest for the exact sciences, and above all the still increasing facility of communication, have powerfully contributed to this. The celebrated Danish astronomer, M. de Schumacher, in 1821, first set the example of a chronometrical determination of the difference in the longitude of two distant places, Hamburg and Copenhagen, to a fraction of a second of time; and this he has himself since followed out in a series of analogous operations more and more remarkable for exactitude. But steam-boats have much favoured the employment of chronometers, inasmuch as they afford a more rapid and certain communication between different points accessible to navigation. Railways also will soon add to the successful employment of chronometers. To determine the longitude, a great number of chronometers are essential. The first chronometric expedition was organised by the Admiralty of England in 1824. They placed at the disposal of M. Tiarks a steamer and twenty-eight chronometers, to determine the boundary-line between America and the English possessions. To this number M. de Schumacher added seven for the geodesic operations in Denmark; and the North Sea was crossed six times to fix the points Greenwich, Altona, Heligoland, and Bremen. The longitude of Altona from Greenwich was fixed = 39° 46' 57". A second chronometric expedition was executed in 1833, by order of the Emperor of Russia, under the direction of M. de Schubert. Its object was to determine the relative longitudes of the more important points for navigation situated on the coast of the Baltic. The Prussian, Danish, and Swedish governments assisted in this expedition of their common interest. There were permanent observatories at Helsingfors, Königsberg, Dantzic, Pilau, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. At other selected stations temporary observatories were erected, and provided with instruments necessary for taking and keeping time; these were Kronstadt, Revel, Abo, and in the islands of Hochland, Oesel, and Dagen, by the Russian government; Swinemunde and Arkona, in the isle of Rugen, by the Prussian; in the islands of Gotland and Oeland, by the Swedish; and in the isle of Christiansoe, and at Lubeck, by the Danish government. A Russian war-steamer made three voyages round the Baltic, touching at as many of the stations indicated as possible. The expedition terminated with the third return to Kronstadt, having lasted 115 days.



The total number of chronometers put on board the steamer was 56; 32 case and 24 pocket chronometers; 36 belonging to the imperial Admiralty, 8 to the dépôt of the topographical survey, 2 to the observatory at Dorpat, 4 to that of Altona, and 6 to private individuals. The longitudes given by this expedition were at first in relation to Lubeck, but afterwards reduced by Schumacher; the longitude of Lubeck, counted from Greenwich, was  $0^h 42' 45.734''$ . In this whole determination, personal equation was attended to.

M. Struve then, not intending to give a complete history of the recent chronometric expeditions, refers to the following as the most remarkable:—"The junction of the observatories of Altona and of Berlin by M. de Schumacher; the voyages which Mr. Dent of London, an eminent and learned (*savant*) clockmaker, undertook to unite the observatory of Greenwich with that of Paris, and with others in the British isles; the junction of Brussels and Greenwich, executed by MM. Sheepshanks and Quelet; and Mr. Dent's spirited mission of his chronometers across the Atlantic, by which he has determined the longitude of New York."

At the time of the Baltic chronometrical expedition in 1833, the observatory of Pulkowa did not exist; but as soon as it was erected, the longitude for it was geodesically determined.

$2^h 1' 18.565''$  Greenwich time.

$1^h 51' 56.965''$  Paris time.

This was founded on the expedition of 1833, which, however correct in regard to the Baltic coast, had not been carried out with sufficient rigour to establish the longitude of Pulkowa and St. Petersburg, or of Kronstadt in relation to Lubeck and Altona. Hence a new discussion of the longitude of St. Petersburg was entered upon by M. Schubert, correcting the longitude of the expedition by previously noted eclipses of the sun, and occultations, &c. This gave for the old observatory of St. Petersburg  $1^h 51' 53.987''$ ; for that of Pulkowa,  $1^h 51' 59.183''$  Paris time. The longitudes, according to the expedition, were— $1^h 51' 51.769''$ , and  $1^h 51' 56.965''$ . The difference is  $2.218''$ . The ancient eclipses and occultations had given even  $1^h 51' 54.83''$  for the observatory of St. Petersburg, which differs more than three seconds from the chronometric determination. The verification of the longitude of Pulkowa became therefore most urgent, and hence the grand chronometric expedition between Pulkowa and Altona, occupying about four months of last year, and costing 6000 silver roubles, at the expense of the emperor; the Danish government also, through M. Schumacher, giving every assistance.

The work before us gives ample and interesting details, into which, however, our limits forbid our entering:—but we may repeat (see *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1413), that eventually 81 chronometers were employed between Pulkowa and Altona, 86 having been volunteered for the expedition: 11 from the Central Russian observatory; 7 from the imperial topographical survey; 10 from the minister of marine; 5 of Russian private individuals; 2 from the distinguished chronometer-maker, M. Hauth; 11 from the observatory at Altona; 4 from the Prussian government; 2 from M. Zahrtmann, commander of the Danish navy; 5 from M. Rümker, director of the observatory at Hamburg; 29 from celebrated artists in clockwork; 5 from M. Kessels, Altona; 12 from Mr. E. Dent, London; 8 from Mr. G. Muston, London; and 4 from M. Brequet, Paris. The transit, it will be remembered, was between Pulkowa and Altona. The difference of longi-

tude between the royal observatory of Greenwich and the imperial observatory of Pulkowa, or more correctly, Poulkova, is now fixed at  $2^h 1' 19.09''$ . But this is based on the longitude of Altona, as determined by the expedition of 1824, to which, however, some uncertainty attaches, from personal equation having been unheeded, and from other causes; and therefore the chronometrical expedition, as we have already announced (*Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1427), now in operation between Altona and Greenwich, was projected by the emperor, the success of which is guaranteed by the liberal co-operation of M. de Schumacher of Altona, and of the astronomer royal, Professor Airy of Greenwich.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ASIATIC SOCIETY.

At two evening meetings recently held at the Royal Asiatic Society's house, Dr. Hugh Falconer delivered lectures on the fossil remains found in the Sewalik hills, by himself, Captain Cantley, and other investigators. In the first of these lectures Dr. Falconer gave an account of the discovery of fossil remains in India, from the earliest notices of any such discoveries to the last year; and described succinctly the most remarkable of the many species existing at remote periods, but which were now extinct. He dwelt particularly on the fact that the fauna of those epochs was much richer than now existing within the same boundaries. He described and exhibited specimens of five species of elephant or mastodon, where one only is now found; and shewed that those genera are, in consequence of a series of intermediate forms, undistinguishable. He then described the species of fossil rhinoceros, hippopotamus, the *anaplotherium sivalense*, several species of *su*, and three of *equus*. Then proceeding to the ruminants, he shewed that they comprised almost every type, fossil and recent, known in the order. The very extraordinary ruminant, the *sivatherium*, was illustrated by a large restored diagram of the head, and a cast of the skull. Our limits do not admit of our noticing every part of this interesting portion of Dr. Falconer's discourse; but we cannot avoid mentioning the *Colossochelys Atlas*, a prodigious land-tortoise, above 18 feet in length, of which a well-executed restored diagram was suspended in the room, and several bones placed upon the table, in juxtaposition with similar bones of recent tortoises, by which the enormous superiority of size was made manifest.

In his second lecture Dr. Falconer stated the conclusions which might be drawn from these discoveries, and their bearing on the climate, geography, and geological changes of ancient India. After remarking the very great variety of ancient species of animals in that region, he said they were notable for their general peculiarity of type; and that half of them were representative of the forms met with in the more ancient tertiary, while the other shewed the forms analogous to existing races. The quantities found were so great, that the munificent donation made to the British Museum by Captain Cantley alone filled 200 chests, of 4 cwt. each. Dr. Falconer thought that there was evidence to shew that India was formerly an island, separated from the Himalaya mountains, which were then the shore of the continent, by a long strait formed of the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges; and that when the upheavement took place, which made the island a part of the continent, this strait became what is now called the plain of India. He thought that a second upheavement gave existence to the Sewalik hills, and raised the Himalayas to their present

height. The climate of India he considered to be as warm now, perhaps warmer, than it had ever been; and that the Sewalik fauna might have continued to live through a period equal to that occupied by several divisions of the tertiary epoch in Europe.

Mr. Lyell bore testimony to the valuable nature of the discoveries of Dr. Falconer; and said, that though he might differ in some unimportant particulars from that gentleman, he thought that the conclusions he had come to were perfectly legitimate.

The Marquis of Northampton, as president of the Royal Society and trustee of the British Museum, thought it incumbent upon him to say, that the learned societies of England should call upon the government to aid in the publication of these results of British science and enterprise; and said that he had no doubt such a call would be promptly responded to—a sentiment which was echoed by the noble president of the Royal Asiatic Society.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### WESTMINSTER HALL.

It is with reluctance that, after repeated visits to Westminster Hall, we find ourselves obliged to confess that the portion of the Exhibition which consists of cartoons and fresco and encaustic paintings does not fulfil the hopes generated by the promise of last year. There are but few works of elevated character or superior execution; and the vast majority may be divided into exaggerations, prettinesses, and imitations of an antiquated style of German art, as offensive to our taste as the big coloured daubs which have become so familiar to our print-shop windows. There is besides a wonderful lack of invention and originality; as if the artists had never expanded their minds by reading; or had, if they read at all, all read out of the same circulating library or cheap periodical. The samenesses are vexatious. Caractacus, Caesar, Boadicea, Alfred, Canute, Harold, Milton, and some scriptural pieces, embrace nearly the entire variety; and they are but repetitions of the subjects exhibited before. Many may be specimens of the artists' talents, but are utterly inappropriate for the embellishment of the new palace of Westminster; and therefore, though they might fitly adorn summer-houses or ale-houses, they are very bad criterions from which to judge of an ability to immortalise the walls and courts of parliament.

In running over the Nos. we are sorry to say we must in justice have more to censure than to praise; and our only consolation is, that practice and perseverance may lead generally to better things in the art so recently introduced amongst us than it has attained in its second public appeal.

No. 1. *Encounter between Caesar and Cassivellanus*, &c., H. Melling, is a large cartoon, with some ambition in grouping the *métier* of warrior and horse. But the countenances are Gorgonic—not the expression of fury or despair, or any other human passion, but distorted stones.

No. 7. *The bringing of Harold's Body to William the Conqueror*. F. M. Brown.—Another large cartoon, is a second sample of the same kind, only more distorted. The combatants are proper Guys; and what is grave is turned to farce.

No. 29. *Combat*. C. Hancock.—Two men and horses; but though fewer in number equally *informes et ingentes*.

No. 2. *Guards on a Battlement*. D. Scott, R.S.A.—A powerful study of a torso; the limbs of the other figure less successful.

No. 3. *Boadicea, &c.* T. Davidson.—The White Lady of Avenel.

No. 4. *Susanna and the Elders.* R. Elliot.—Cannot be complimented as more than a moderate attempt.

No. 5. *Landscape and Figures.* A. Aglio.—A pretty view of the Bay of Naples seen through an archway; with an equally pretty arabesque border in tempera; and the whole exactly one of those productions which would please in a garden-cottage or arbour.

No. 6. *Law and its Attributes.* S. Bendixen.—Described as a method adapted for painting on the walls, and the subject very fit to be left where it is, in Westminster Hall, for briefless barristers, and attorneys before their cases are called on, to contemplate.

No. 9. *Prayer.* J. C. Horsley.—A sweet female figure, and a handsome border by Owen Jones; but far behind Mr. Horsley's cartoon last season, which fairly won him one of the premiums of 200l.

No. 10. *Beatrice Cenci meditating the Murder of her Father,* by J. Z. Bell, also the holder of a 200l. prize, and also inferior to his first work, though possessed of considerable depth in expression.

No. 11. Two highly artistical heads, in fresco, by J. Martin.

No. 12. *Fair Rosamond in Woodstock.* E. Corbould.—Graceful and romantic; with the smallness of a cock-robin among the flowers; as if the artist were determined his design should not be mistaken for any thing above a fanciful picture. Mr. E. C. was 100l. prizeman.

No. 13. *An Act of Mercy.* W. Riviere.—Three figures illustrating the text of "Naked, and ye clothed me."

No. 14. *Overthrow of the Druids by Suetonius.* E. B. Morris.—If the Druids had no better fires than are here prepared, their burnt-offerings would have done no victims to the death; and what is the meaning of the jovial bacchanal tumbled down to form the central eye of the cartoon? The ideal of a Druid is utterly destroyed by such a figure and face; he is a burly drunken carman.

No. 15. *Cartoon*—Geo. Page—is but another of the large printshop-window coloured exhibitions.

Nos. 16 and 17. *A Contadina and Child,* by Amb. Jerome, and *The Mother,* by James Archer, are not important enough to call for notice; and 18, a *Boadicea*, by H. Warren, is still less deserving of praise.

No. 19. *Discovering the Body of Harold* (a study in oil), by E. B. Morris, treats this favourite and oft-treated subject in an affecting style. The two Saxon monks are well agreed, yet well contrasted in expression, as two holy men with different degrees of feeling; and the sorrowing Edith, though hardly swan-necked enough for her sobriquet, is a touching figure, and gives much interest to the sad scene.

No. 20. *A Bacchante,* Jones Barber, and 22, *A Girl Reading,* the same.

No. 21. *From the Tempest.* Salter.—An admirable Caliban, a most delicate monster; the lovers are also pleasingly painted.

No. 23 is *A Study*, by A. Aglio, junior.

No. 24. *A Samson*, by W. E. Frost (one of the 100l. prize-men).—The Hebrew is knocking down the Philistine with the jaw-bone of an ass—an event better for the *littera scripta* than

the brush; but the great fault of the piece is the exaggeration of muscle to a ludicrous pitch.

No. 25. *Council of Ancient Britons.* W. Riviere, and stated by the artist to be "Nucleus of the British Parliament!" In spite of this catalogue-historical foolery, this is one of the fairest national cartoons for competition in the hall. There is a design about it, and a sense of the subject as represented by David Hume, which shews an aptitude for composition very favourable to the artist in the company where we see him.

No. 26. *Marguerite of Anjou and her Son, &c.* J. West.—Theatrical! From the theatre, and not from a due feeling of what the unhappy queen and her child would be under such circumstances. And besides, out of all poise in drawing; no living beings could stand a minute as Marguerite and her son are painted; not even the tree against which she should lean, could keep them from a fall.

No. 27. *Alfred (encore).* A. Christie, and an imitation of the old German school.

No. 28. *A Wounded Greek.* F. P. Stephanoff (a 100l. man of last year).—A pretty and agreeable thing; nothing more.

No. 30. *The Signing of Magna Charta.* Douglas Guest.—There are some good passages in this large cartoon, and others in which the painter has seemed as if he tried against all the rules of art to do something contradictory, which should, nevertheless, be effective. All the arms stretched out in a double line on the left, are, to our idea, as unpicturesque as a "present arms" of the guards in a muster in Hyde Park.

No. 31. *Peace receiving a Wreath of Flowers*—S. Bendixen—would make a nice illustration for Thomson's *Seasons*; and we must pass, *sans phrase*, to 35, *Alfred compiling his Laws assisted by his friend Asser*, a meritorious group, by H. J. Stanley.

No. 37. *Study for a Head of David.* S. J. Hart.—A monstrosity from such a hand. It is a libel not only on the heroic, but on the Jewish aristocracy.

No. 38. *The Golden Age*, is a charming sketch by F. P. Stephanoff.

No. 39. *The Trial of Canute.* J. Martin.—There is some beautiful grouping in this piece, and it is altogether a performance in which design and execution display mind and artist-talent. Canute himself is the weakest point; he is feminine, and not the warlike and masculine hero.

No. 42. *The Witches in Richard III.* A. Stevens; and such witches, that the d—l himself would not acknowledge or interchange a word with them!

No. 44. *First Study from Nature, &c.* H. J. Pidding.—Apparently a copy of Burns' *Souter Johnny*, "under the direction of A. Aglio."

No. 45. *Ophelia*; 46. *The Fates.* E. Armitage, who obtained the premium of 300l. last year: how are the mighty fallen! It is a painful disappointment, we repeat it, to observe how ill the successful debutants of 1843 have met the call and new encouragements held out to our native school. They ought, above all others, to have laboured to sustain the cause; but they have lamentably failed, with hardly an exception. Here is Mr. Armitage, a chief of last year, with works below mediocrity. His *Fates* are fatal to a reputation; commonplace, meaningless, and dependent upon their symbols to be aught but a butcher's wife and two family sisters.

[To be continued.]

# ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Finale.]

No. 1270. *Hebe banished*; 1277. *Iago*; 1328. *Bust of Lady Ridley*; 1349. *The late Mrs. Howard.* J. G. Lough.—The two busts are of high sculptural character, and the other poetical subjects not the highest efforts of this great artist. Still they are not unworthy of him; and if we cannot admire the conventionalism of the mask in the hand of Iago, the statue itself is nearly all we could desire of the vengeful Italian. His fine design for the *Nelson Monument* is No. 1299.

No. 1334. *Arab and his Steed.* J. Wyatt.—A spirited group.

No. 1281. Group in marble, *Adam consoling Eve after the Transgression.* W. Scouler.—Mr. Scouler has transgressed both in conception and execution, and the Academy in receiving this group. Matter-of-fact people will be glad to see the apple has been bitten.

No. 1372. *Bust of Prince Albert*, by the same, is a perfect scouler.

No. 1303. *Orphans*, a group to be executed in marble. F. M. Miller, who, we hear, is a very young man, and, judging from this his first performance of note, likely to be more advantageously known. If the brother had held the sister closer to him, the idea of protection would have been more evident; and it is strange in allegory to strew the orphan's path with roses.

No. 1304. *Morning Ablution.* T. Earle.—A female washing a child's feet; and would have been an uninteresting subject, had not the artist invested it with grace in its composition, correct drawing, and nicety of finish in the modelling.

No. 1354. *Marble Bust of the Hon. Mrs. Norton*—T. Butler—is a little idealised, but certainly a very beautiful head.

No. 1310. *Mrs. Norton's Son*, a fine boy, who lost his life by a fall from a horse, by the same; it is also an excellent work; the hair, perhaps, is a little too grassy; but there is much beauty of execution about it and other busts by Mr. Butler; and 1332, *Charles Kemble*, is a capital likeness.

No. 1293. *Combat of Centaurs and Lapithe.* G. G. Adams. 1296, same subject, J. H. Merritt.—It is pleasing to see all the models for the gold-medal exhibition, because the public can judge that it was given justly. There is merit, and much of it, in 1293; but in 1296 none whatever except the artist's name.

No. 1298. *Mischief*, a statue. C. S. Kelsey.—No fit subject, and what the French would call *laide*.

No. 1301. A natural and affecting *Family Monument*, by J. Edwards.

No. 1274. *Two Boys over a Basket of Fruit.* F. Thripp.—Very vulgar and uninteresting. There are also several ideal busts by the same hand, which are bad specimens of Roman curving.

There are various busts by J. E. Jones. Among them, *Dr. McNeil*, *Hugh McNeil*, the *Mayor of Dublin*, *O'Connell, &c.*, and it appears very surprising that so much should have been said in favour of them: they may be very well for Mr. Jones, who began his public career as a sculptor late in life, but really there is no evidence of nature in them, and as works of art they are made valueless by the carelessness of execution.

No. 1341. *Bust of Mr. Everett*, the *American Minister*. H. Powers.—It is almost carrying nicety in copy too far to imitate trifling scars, &c. in marble busts; for though it may add slightly to the truth of the likeness, it gives the appearance of there having been sand-holes in the marble which have been badly filled.

\* We should mention, that this name, without initial or address, must not be confounded with that of William Salter, whose splendid *Waterloo Banquet* has won such honours as a national trophy worthy of its glorious subject.—Ed. L. G.

No. 1379. *Bust of Mrs. Mackey*. P. Park.—Very like several other heads by the same. Genius must not run into extravagance.

The further we go now, the less can be found to please; so we close with 1409, a bronze bas-relief of *Sleep and Death bearing off the Body of Sarpedon*, M. L. Watson,—the nearest approach to Flaxman of any bas-relief since his time. It bears a higher finish than most of that great master's productions; but, at the same time, the vigour of its conception has not suffered. We have seen many by the same hand, but none to equal this.

#### THE CITY WELLINGTON STATUE.

At a final meeting of the committee under whose auspices this design has been begun and completed, on Tuesday last, in the Mansion-House, the Lord Mayor presiding, it was resolved that the only inscription should be the name of "Wellington" on each side of the pedestal, and the date, "Erected 18 June, 1844," on the front. Sir F. Chantrey having previously received 5000*l.*, the balance of 5500*l.* 3 per cent consols, and 83*l.* in the hands of the bankers, Messrs. Mastermanns, were directed to be paid to his executors, with a few trifling deductions of expense. Thus, with 1500*l.*'s worth of gun-metal, righteously given by the last ministry to the artist to form so far a national tribute from the victorious trophies of the great conqueror, the price paid for this monument amounts to upwards of 12,000*l.*

It is a fine showy object, and in a fine position. The pedestal is (to the eye) distressingly narrow. The horse, with all its anatomical imperfections, is spirited in the head, and much superior to the mounting of George IV. in Trafalgar Square. But Chantrey knew nothing of the horse, and it is a pity he ever meddled with it. Neither the Duke's likeness nor his seat are good; and the public voice declaims against his pantouffles and slippers: the truth is absent, and there is only an effect. The breast of the rider is protruded, and the figure thrown back ungracefully; which adds to the palpable stiffness of the whole design, except the animation of the horse's head. The attempt to mingle the modern with the ancient classic is an error. Opinions may be divided about the one or the other; but no statue can be both. A uniform without buttons, and inexpressible without seams or terminations, are, to us, absurdities, which no Greek-disposed cloak nor travestie of Roman toga can redeem. The Greeks and the Romans modelled their heroes in their garments as they lived; they did not make Egyptians or Phœnicians of them. Why should we try to make our illustrious men altogether Roman or demi-Grecian Britons? If so, why not Sir G. Pollock in an Afghan costume, and Sir H. Pottinger, Chinese? The mixed style is good for nothing. We have, however, to repeat, that in its present bright bronze condition this group looks generally well, and is an ornament to the city.

Before the committee closed its business, thanks were voted to Mr. T. B. Simpson, with whom the motion for a statue to the Duke of Wellington originated (arising out of his admiration for that of George III. in Cockspur Street); to Mr. Rainbow, the honorary, zealous, and courteous secretary, who has done so much and so well throughout the progress of the design; and to the Lord Mayor for his attentions and conduct in the chair.

#### PICTURE-SALE.

A SMALL but very valuable collection of pictures comes under the hammer of Messrs. Christie to-

day, and will probably conclude their season (which has seen many fine works change hands) with *éclat*. There are only seventeen paintings, the property of John Penrice, Esq., of Great Yarmouth, and, as is well known to our leading artists and dealers, acquired at great expense, and with great pains-taking to be assured of their authenticity. Before purchasing them Mr. Penrice took the opinion of the best judges, and traced them to the galleries which they had adorned for very many years, and through their various possessors, till they reached the market from which he obtained them. Such productions deserve our particular notice.

Nos. 1 and 2 are complete examples of Bassano—*Israelites drawing Water*, and *A Market*; both as full of figures, and animal and still life, as Noah's ark, and possessing every feature of the master's style and colouring.

No. 3 is a *Holy Family*, by Coello, a Spanish or Portuguese artist, whose works are not much known in England. It is a sweet composition, executed with great beauty. The artist has evidently studied Correggio with a true feeling, and has produced a group wonderfully fresh and sparkling in colour, and highly finished. The head of the Virgin is charming, and the limbs of the infant Christ deliciously touched.

No. 4. *Florence*, Canaletti.—His magic yet most natural perspective; the buildings individualised; the water moving; and the bridge, boats, &c., finely picturesque.

Nos. 5 and 6. A pair of *Fruit and Flower Pieces*, of the highest order, by Van Os.

No. 7. *The Riposo*, Titian, which was formerly in the Justiniani Gallery, and has a certain pedigree of a century or two. It is almost an impertinence to doubt it; but, with all its splendour of colours, we cannot fancy it even an early Titian. The red, and indeed the whole dress of the Virgin is surpassing; but the drawing, in many essential points, is worse than we could attribute to such a master, though not celebrated for that quality. The form of the child would make an anxious mother unhappy, and her own extremities are exceedingly coarse. It is, nevertheless, a very remarkable picture, and will no doubt fetch a heavy price.

No. 8 is a first-rate *Hawking Party*, by Wouwermans.

No. 9. *Le Lendemain des Noces*, a marriage-party of eighty persons, by Teniers, and a worthy specimen of his art. It belonged, above a hundred years ago, to the Countess de Verrue, and then to the Marquis de Bunnoy, who sold it about 1777 for (we believe) 11,000 francs. In a later exchange for other pictures Lord Radstock valued it at a thousand guineas. What will be its estimate to-day remains to be seen. If we may judge from the late increased prices given for genuine art, it will be no trifle.

No. 10, a good Gaspar Poussin from Lancelotti Palace at Rome; and No. 11, an equally charming Claude, *The Flight into Egypt*. The watery distance on the right cool and refreshing.

No. 12. *Pair ou non Pair*, Teniers.—Silvery; and the group in the foreground more tangible than the general *mélange* in No. 9. When the celebrated *Bonnet Rouge* brought 450 guineas, this picture was sold by Mr. Hibbert for 400 guineas; so slight was the difference between the two. It is another of the problems of to-day; and will, we imagine, bring a welcome solution to the seller.

Nos. 13 and 14. *Lot and his Daughters*, and *Susannah and the Elders*, two gallery-pictures by Guido.—The first is in a grand academic style; but neither of them captivates our taste, though we must acknowledge their merit in art and for

artists. But a *Susannah* with a bow of flesh from the ribs to the knee, and without a waist, may afford a fine contrast of female colouring to the darker tints of the elders, without betraying us into an admiration as unwise as her charms did these hoary sinners.

No. 15. *The Interior of a Large Room*, and, undoubtedly, one of the most perfect productions of Ostade, a wonderful performer in the mechanism of art. This single picture is a school.

No. 16. *The Woman taken in Adultery*, Titian.

—A famous picture, bearing a striking resemblance to that in Lord Westminster's gallery, the figures being the same, but the composition different. Which was the first painted we will not take upon ourselves to surmise; but we incline to think that their value is pretty equal. Lord W. is stated, in an unpublished volume we have read, to have paid 3,200*l.* for his Titian; and the present subject (obviously done to be viewed a good way off) is not inferior in any quality. In our humble opinion, the boy in the left-hand corner is nearly worth all the rest of even this gorgeous and highly-prized *chef d'œuvre*. Yet when we come to take it to pieces, how much is there to excite enthusiastic admiration! only we cannot feel the same sentiment for it as a whole.

No. 17. *The Judgment of Paris*, Rubens.—Rubens' own, and with every characteristic of his pencil. It is a key to all he ever painted, and an extraordinary example of his style and powers. It should go the National Gallery.

Such is the small but unique private collection we have so briefly described.

Mr. Louis Haghe's *Second Series of Sketches in Belgium and Germany* have been, during the last ten days, exhibited in the gallery of Messrs. Graves and Co., and been a genuine treat to amateurs in art. Twenty-six better chosen or more happily executed productions in this branch of illustration, we have never seen. They are truly beautiful; and even though invidious to point at any particulars, where all are so exceedingly deserving of eulogy, we would say, Look at No. 6, *Guard-room, Contrai*; 21, *Council-room, Oudenarde*; and 26, *Convent, Ypres*, for diversity of talent in several styles, which rank Mr. Haghe in a delightful position among those who charm the public by their productions of this kind.

*Arabia Petrea*.—Not many *Gazettes* ago we passed judgment, not favourably, on illustrative maps of Arabia, attached to a recently published work. At the same time we enumerated several accurate maps which might have been consulted advantageously to the avoidance of errors and misrepresentations. These, besides journals and maps of numerous eminent travellers, the survey of the Red Sea by the East India Company's officers, and other sources of information, seem to have been in requisition for the compiling a beautiful relief map of Arabia Petrea and Idumæa, illustrating the prophetic Scriptures, wanderings of the Israelites, &c., published by Messrs. Dobbs, Bailey, and Co., now before us. It is truly an admirable specimen of embossing, and proof of the applicability of this art to geographical science. The whole character of the country is comprehended by a glance, and the relative levels of seas and lands are manifested to the slightest examination. The model-map is most appropriately dedicated to Mr. Murchison, the late president of the Geological Society, and present president of the Geographical Society. We remember admiring a specimen of Messrs. Dobbs' publication at



one of his delightful *soirées* in Belgrave Square; but it was then in its uncoloured and unlettered state.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### A PORTRAIT.

'Twas not alone her simple grace,  
That nobleness of brow and face,  
Which nature's self supplies;  
Each vein seem'd like an azure thread,  
Or angel-path that heavenward led  
To those sweet stars her eyes.

Her cheek—there was a soul-lit hue  
Mix'd with its fairness through and through,  
Like morn on clouds of pearl;  
Her hair—oh, it was auburn dark,  
With something of a golden spark,  
That lit at times its curl.

Her hand—as gracefully it leant,  
So thoughtful seem'd, so eloquent  
Its beauty droop'd, as though  
Love was its own interpreter,  
And breath'd in every pulse of her,  
E'en through that hand of snow.

A mind—a manner of her own—  
A modesty of look and tone—  
Nor cold, nor yet too warm;  
That when she spoke e'en music might  
Learn something to its own delight,  
And snatch another charm.

CHARLES SWAIN.

### THE DRAMA.

*Haymarket.*—*The Milliner's Holyday*—a broad farce, full of extravagance and frolic, by Mr. M. Morton—was produced here with laughable effect; but Buckstone, who played the principal character, having been withdrawn from performing by a domestic calamity, the author's immediate interests have suffered, and the public been contented with older substitutes. *Quid pro Quo* is now backed with Mathews in *Used Up*; and the theatre goes on prosperously, in spite of the prejudice against the prize-comedy.

*Princess's.*—On Thursday a new and burlesque version of the ever-relished story of *Aladdin's Lamp* was produced here, from the lively pen of Mr. A. Beckett. Such an *Aladdin* as Wright, such a *Conjuror* as Bedford, and such a *Princess* as Miss E. Stanley, could rarely be seen together; and as the drama is full of fun and popular hits at topics of the day, its success was testified by laughter throughout, and great applause at the end.

J. B. Brown, Esq. gave a musical entertainment at his residence, Connaught Terrace, on Friday evening, the 28th ult., under the superintendence of Mr. G. F. Flowers, which possessed considerable novelty, and excited great applause. In the programme, a quintet by Mr. Flowers was performed by Messrs. Goffrie, Schmitt, C. E. Stephens, Atwater, and Hausmann, the character of the music in which reminded us of Sebastian Bach,—perhaps the greatest compliment we can pay to the genius of the composer. Two or three songs of Mr. Flowers were also well sung and much applauded. M. Szebanoski performed a fantasia on the guitar in a delightful manner; and many other pieces of music varied the treat in a manner most acceptable to the judgment and taste which can best appreciate the delightful science.

*Quid pro Quo, or the Day of Dupes. The Prize-Comedy. In five Acts.*

A RATHER querulous preface introduces this successful-unsuccessful play to the reading public. The writer broadly accuses the rejected candidates of cabal and malignity. She insinuates that *Quid pro Quo* is comparable with *The Rivals*; and excuses herself for not attempting a high-life comedy, but one adapted to the vulgar tastes which now-a-days predominate in

the theatrical world. The refusal of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews to perform in it is mentioned as an injury; and the concession of Mr. Farren in undertaking a secondary part is gratefully acknowledged. So much for prefatory matter. On perusing the piece, we see no reason to unhinge the opinion we offered upon its being

acted. There is a spirit of slangishness about it which seems strange from a lady's pen; and certainly the *vis comica* is neither of an order nor abundance to sustain a five-act comedy, or merit £500—which, however, we trust the curiosity of the people has repaid the liberality of the manager.

### THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

#### Church and Cathedral Chanting.

CHANTING forms so essential a portion in the service of the church of England, that our attention may properly be directed to the subject in the present article. We will refrain from particularising any work on chanting, however, because it would be difficult to find one which altogether meets our views. And we must, in the offset, own ourselves surprised that the clergy of the church of England should suffer to be sung, in the solemn worship of that church, the sublime sentences of the Psalmist in a senseless and often absolutely low style of pronunciation. We have, for instance, heard charity children (who usually lead the singing in our parochial churches) sing *Rolly Ghost* instead of *Holy Ghost*: they will add or omit the final letter of a word; and their language is often any thing but English. It would not, we think, be unworthy of the clergy, were they to superintend the wording of the chants themselves, and make it a part of their duty to see and hear that the children of the national schools pronounced the language distinctly, and in such a manner as to preserve the meaning of what they sing. But whilst we condemn these poor children for the faults of others, we must not pass over in silence the far greater errors of those who have received a liberal education, and yet are alike guilty of improper diction in chanting; nor are our cathedrals exempted in this respect. The principal fault which we have to lament is, the extraordinary *ad-libitum* method of passing out of one bar into the succeeding one. Either a prefix, affix, or less important word in a sentence, is sung at the end of every bar in a chant; they therefore require to be pronounced quicker than the more important words, which fall (generally) on the commencement of every bar.

Many manuals on chanting have been published; and, unfortunately, all of them which have fallen under our notice are better contrived to assist in promoting a false taste in the wording of this species of music than of correcting it. The error of these manuals arises from their having *strokes* between syllables, these strokes meaning to represent bars. Bars in music do not impede the progress of time: they are only used to proportionate musical ideas in conjunction with time.

The following is a brief illustration of the method of these manuals on chanting:—

"My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden."

Any one seeing these strokes would naturally stop at the left hand of them, instead of giving the accent at the right hand of the strokes; and thus in the Magnificat the syllables *ni, re, re, li*, are prolonged.

There is another error, which custom only sanctions: we refer to indiscriminately cramming-in words at the end of each section of the melody of a chant, when a regular distribution of them would be more in accordance with the solemnity of the words. The sentence, for example, "the lowliness of his handmaiden," is thus sung: *ness, long; hand, long; maiden*, short in both syllables. If the word "hand" be only partially accented, then the more important part of the word, "maid," is run quickly over, and thus "maiden" is much less heard.

No word or syllable should be more irregularly sung, either in the middle or end of a sentence, than is necessary to a good reader. Should there happen to be a word or syllable for a note, it would, undoubtedly, be in better taste to give either of them the value of the note or melody, in preference to running and cramming syllables together.

The Gloria Patri is generally improperly chanted—the first "and" occupying the value of half a bar, e.g.:—

Half Bar.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Ho-ly Ghost:

Half Bar.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and: ever shall be; world with-out end. A-men.

The second "and" in the Gloria Patri is frequently prolonged. The words "ever," "shall," and "be," are, according to the arrangement in the above chant, more distinctly heard than

if the word "ever" were slowly chanted, and the words "shall be" quickly heard together. Amongst the evils of pronunciation in chanting, *ever shabby* is in the list of them, and one which ought to be avoided.

The great beauty of chanting is, to hear the words carefully divided and distinctly heard; bearing in mind that the more rapidly they succeed each other, the thinner the tone will be. To hear full and open tones on words is most pleasing; but it is little more than useless to sing words if no decided sound be produced on them. It would be tenfold more agreeable to hear a melodious voice reading the splendid words of the Psalmist, than to listen to singers affecting to produce musical sounds by forced means.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE FUNERAL OF THE POET CAMPBELL,

In Westminster Abbey, was attended by many (about a hundred) individuals of rank and notability on Wednesday forenoon. The pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, Lords Aberdeen, Brougham, Campbell, Leigh, Strangford, Morpeth, and Sir Robert Peel; and the funeral-service impressively read by a brother-poet, Mr. Milman. The grave is nearly in the centre of Poets' Corner, about equidistant from the monuments of Shakspeare, Handel, and Goldsmith. It is hardly more than two feet below the surface. There was some irregularity and confusion created by vergers, &c. in stopping a portion of the procession from the Jerusalem Chamber; but the ceremony was altogether solemn and imposing, and the pealing of the organ singularly affecting. Dr. Beattie, the invaluable friend of the deceased, and Mr. Moxon, his other executor, superintended the whole with affectionate anxiety; and the last tribute of regard for the man and admiration for the bard was offered in a manner not unworthy of the mournful occasion. Campbell enjoyed a pension of 200*l.* per annum, which, from deductions, amounted, in fact, to about 160*l.* He was a widower, and has left an only son, unhappily imbecile, but we believe adequately provided for. His attached niece will, we hope, attract the humane notice of royalty.

The lot of the poet (who was in his 67th year) has been perhaps more fortunate than generally falls to the share of the children of song. His living fame has been more commensurate to his genius than is always the case; and he has been little disturbed by envy or malice. In popularity he has ever ranked with the foremost names; and the security of even a moderate independence has been a most consolatory and comfortable ingredient in his career. His mortal remains are honourably mingled with those of the mighty dead; and, looking around these walls, where sculpture records their glories, our feeling almost thrusts itself into verse, if not into poetry:

Be he Statesman, with talent a country to save;  
Or Divine, pointing onward beyond the cold grave;  
Or wise Legislator, directing mankind;  
Or Author or Artist, immortal of mind;  
Or high Son of Science, the heavens to scan,  
Make all nature known, earth's extremities span;  
Or Hero with baton; or Poet with trope;  
Here must end in the dust all The Pleasures of Hope.

##### MR. LOVER'S IRISH ENTERTAINMENTS.

YESTERDAY week Mr. Lover closed his arduous first campaign in the metropolis as a public lecturer and vocal illustrator of Ireland, at the Hanover-Square Rooms, which were filled by an audience of nobility and gentry. It was a brilliant meeting, and must have been very gratifying to Mr. Lover. For, though his genius has been long and generally acknowledged; like most other gifts of that kind, it has not been adequately encouraged or rewarded. He has been for years the admired and the applauded of many high and many social circles. His miniatures were, if at all, only second to the most successful artists in that line of art. His

Irish stories, in prose, were, for humour and character, unsurpassed. His lyrics were appreciated wherever Burns and Moore were felt, as a co-equal with much of the nature of the one, and the polished sentiment of the other. His musical adaptations and compositions, his beautiful legendary and national ballads, were popular throughout the empire;—and yet Samuel Lover could—we believe we may say it without hurting his gentlemanly mind—do little more than merely support a moderate gentleman's station in life by a prudent gentleman's care and conduct. With all his attainments—artist, novelist, dramatist, lyricist, composer—as if every rare quality neutralised or destroyed another—he could but maintain an honourable and by no means a lucrative rank in the wide and pushing circle of London competition. In a happy hour, putting some ridiculous notions of pride aside, he determined on offering to the public, at a price, what had been for years a gratuitous private enjoyment, perhaps without a thanks after it was over, and certainly without a benefit to the author; and we rejoice to observe that the appeal has met with the response due to it. That which delighted a few "*friends*" now delights numerous audiences. Lover expands in publicity. His pictures of Irish thoughts and manners and modes of expression, truthful, rich, and racy, are calculated, not only to spread his own reputation over the country, but to create the best opinions towards the land with whose humours he makes his hearers laugh, instead of exciting a laugh at its follies or faults, as has been too much the fashion. In fine, wherever, in the provinces, Mr. Lover appears with his metropolitan applause about him, we could wish our provincialists (quite as able to judge of what is presented to them as the most dictatorial of London critics) to remember, at the same time, that he is not simply the playful expounder and vocalist of his subjects, but the man of rare genius in several intellectual branches, who in any one of them would merit every public honour. He is the exponent of his own poetry; and, like the bards of antiquity and the minstrels of mediæval times, gives us his song with the expression in which it was conceived, and to the end for which it was composed. We have the mind of the author from himself, and not diluted or perverted in the channel through which it runs. This is no common recreation, and has been prized accordingly.

*Bethlehem and Bridewell Hospitals.*—The anniversary, on Monday—in the beautiful hall of Bridewell, where, among pictures and fineworks of art, the walls boast of far nobler embellishments in the golden lists of munificent donations and bequests to these most excellent charities—was attended by about two hundred visitors, and the entertainment was such as is almost peculiar to the hospitalities of the city of London. The company on these occasions do not

"Come like spirits, so depart;"

for they come by daylight and go by daylight—

dine at five o'clock, and are all counted out before nine! Sir Peter Laurie, the president of the two hospitals, was in the chair; supported on his right by the Lord Mayor, and on his left by the worthy and efficient treasurer, Mr. Ralph Price. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and several other members of the lower house, were present—half a score of aldermen, and nearly all the principal legal and other functionaries of the metropolis. A most becoming brevity introduced the toasts and ruled the speeches. The great improvements in the Institutions, under the active and judicious management of their governors and committee, were modestly mentioned, and their announcement warmly applauded. The restorations to reason in Bethlehem, agreeably to the new system, described in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1422, had risen to sixty per cent—a wonderful advance in the statistics of insanity. Two hundred and fifty-seven patients out of between three and four hundred are employed in useful workmanship without restraint, and the occupation of their minds is productive of the best consequences. The revenues of the hospitals have been, by careful yet liberal management, augmented to 30,000*l.* a year—applicable to the relief or cure of the most melancholy of human affliction in the one case, and to the rescue from vice and crime of the most miserable class of youthful errants in the other. Hundreds are taken from the corruptions by which they are surrounded, and taught trades by which to support themselves in honesty and independence; and at the same time imbued with the truths of religion to keep them steady in the principles instilled into their new course of life. These are indeed excellent, humane, and Christian works; and there seemed to be a blessing shed upon them even amid the festivity of this anniversary—the whole expense of which is borne by the generous friends who are enlisted as stewards on every annual occasion.

*The Hospital for Diseases of the Ear* held a *fête champêtre* in the Regent's Park on Saturday, for the benefit of the institution. It was well attended, the day being propitious; and we trust that the charity was proportionately aided. Mr. Curtis made every possible exertion to render the *fête* agreeable to the company.

*The Waverley Ball.*—On Monday this ball, which promises to be the most picturesque of the season, and, indeed, the most original and brilliant in costume of any ever given, except her Majesty's grand *fête*, takes place on Monday. The profits are to be applied to the completion of the Scott monument in Edinburgh; and the dresses in character with personages who figure in his novels, an infinite variety, and belonging to every age and country. Historical England, every Scottish form, mediæval France, Saracenic, Jewish, Saxon, all ranks, all fashions, come within the scope of this entertainment; and under the high auspices which direct it, we cannot doubt but it will be a very singular spectacle, and supply a fund sufficient to accomplish the desirable object in view.

#### VARIETIES.

*Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly.*—Sincerely do we trust that Dr. Wolff's sanguine disposition is not misleading him to believe in what he hopes. His latest letters to Capt. Grover are from Mero, the last town on the desert, in the dominion of Bokhara, and only three days' journey from the capital. The date is April 15, and he had been assured by a high spiritual official of the khan that Colonel Stoddart was

alive, though he could not speak with certainty about Captain Conolly. Despatches had been sent on; and the missionary, we believe, would wait for permission to proceed.

**Boz.**—"Chuzzlewit" is concluded; and its author off to Italy, and heaven knows where. In the winding-up of the tale, *Mrs. Harris* makes her last appearance; and we beg to say, that it is unequalled in literature or the drama. With such an idea of the character, we feel some surprise that it should not be cast in the piece now forthcoming at the Lyceum, where Keeley undertakes *Mrs. Gamp*; *Mrs. Keeley* (the unaccounted for), *Bailey*; and *Meadows, Tom Pinch*: but no representative of the immortal *Mrs. Harris* is announced. Perhaps Keeley would double his part!

*Mr. Charles Kemble's Readings* began in the St. James's theatre with *King John* on Tuesday, and were, as before, highly attractive. The attendance on Thursday was numerous. The reading of *As you like it* was duly appreciated and much enjoyed.

*The Sale of the Duke of Sussex's Library* has been going on through the week; but the prices are rather languid, and the competition for rarities not so warm as was anticipated.

*The Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park* held their third and last exhibition for the season on Tuesday; and notwithstanding the threatening (and agreeable) state of the weather, the company was fashionable and numerous, and the show of flowers and fruit beautiful and tempting. The scientific principles on which this institution is conducted promise great advantages from its progressive improvement. Not only floral ornaments, but medicinal plants, and the gifts of Ceres and Pomona, will be cultivated to higher perfection than where mere display is sought.

*Irish Society.*—In *Lover's* song of "St. Patrick's birthday" the worthy priest advises his parishioners not to be always conflicting, but "sometimes combine;" and we are glad to hear that the hint is about to be patriotically adopted. There is a meeting to-day, with the Marquis of Clanricarde as president, to form a national and friendly union of Irishmen, whose objects shall be to advance the arts, literature, charities, and good feeling of the country, without reference to party or politics. Every Englishman and Scotchman must cordially wish success to such a plan.

*Le Dieu de Danse* is just now invoked for the formation of a society of mutual aid among the professors of the art of dancing. The object is laudable; and we are glad to see head and heart interested in the welfare of heels.

*Dr. Stolberg's Voice-Lozenges* enjoy a high reputation among vocalists, actors, and public speakers; and the testimonials in their favour are so strong, that we never listen to fine singing now without fancying that they have something to do with it. They seem to be to the throat what rosin is to the violin; and *Grisi*, *Albertazzi*, *Persiani*, *Shaw*, and fifty others, join in full chorus in their praise. "Further we cannot say; for we have no personal experience, and might defy all the lozenges that ever were concocted to make us sing in tune. From what is said, however, we should truly consider them very worthy of the notice of musical artists.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1844.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 27	From 51 to 64	29.54 to 29.56
Friday . . . 28	" 45 to 68	29.65 to 29.74
Saturday . . . 29	" 45 to 71	29.74 to 29.75
Sunday . . . 30	" 53 to 72	29.68 to 29.69
July.		
Monday . . . 1	" 48 to 70	29.60 to 29.58
Tuesday . . . 2	" 49 to 65	29.58 to 29.59
Wednesday 3	" 49 to 66	29.59 to 29.58
Wind N. and N. by E. on the 27th; N. W. N. W., and N. on the 28th; N. W. and S. W. on the 29th; E. E. by N., and E. by S. on the 30th of June; S. E. and N. on the 1st; N. by W. and N. on the 2d. Except the 29th and 30th ult. generally cloudy, with frequent rain. Rain fallen, .48 of an inch.		
Edmonton.	CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.	
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Longitude, 3 51 west of Greenwich.		

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